WEEK ENDING MAY 2 1925

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Liberty

A Wee… …erybody

In this Issue: HOW TO TREAT A BURGLAR *By George S. Dougherty*

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It is only as you find the real comparisons for Hudson qualities among the costliest cars that the enormous difference in price is so astonishing.

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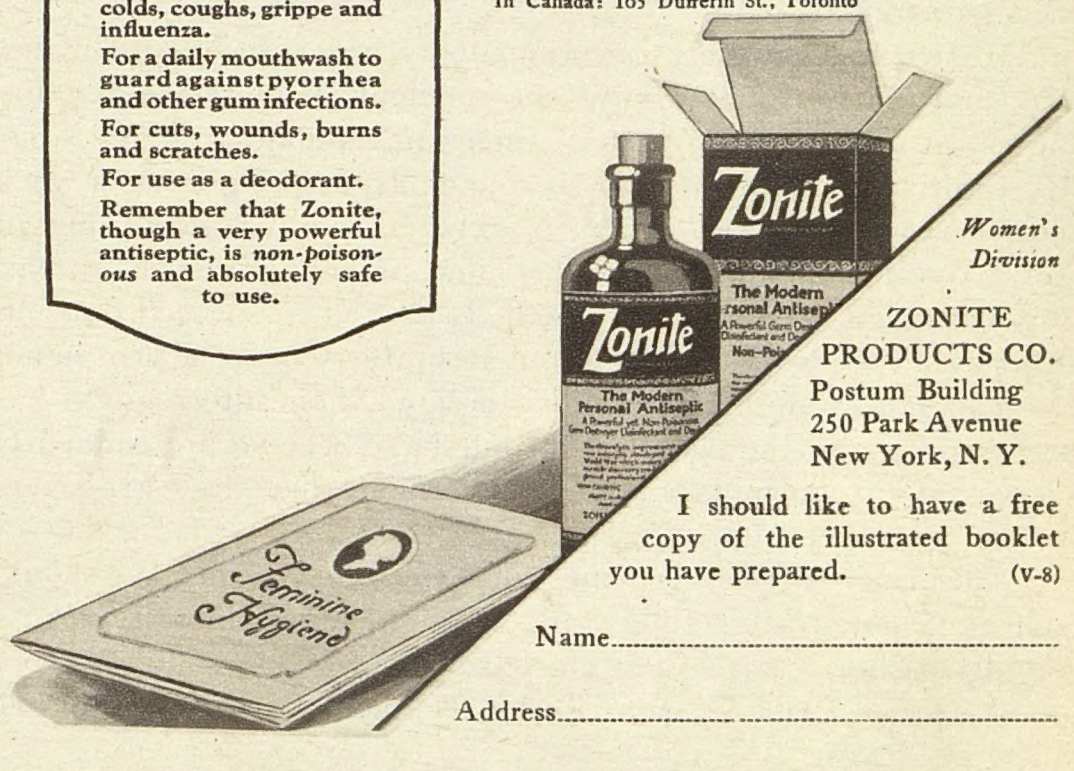

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MAY 2, 1925

Liberty

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

A Weak Spot in American Government

The strength of government is the certitude of its continuity. Men die and governments live. Human order requires government. A vicious government is better than none. Governments have their source in a conception of divine authority, in successful force, or in the will of the people expressed in a social contract.

Force may be successful in one man's hand and unsuccessful in the hands of his successors. Early Roman government was based on the will of at least part of the people. With Augustus it became based on a conception of divine heredity. With Nero that expired and it became based on force as applied by commanders of legions. In forty-nine years of this, from the murder of Severus Alexander to the ascension of Diocletian, Rome had fifteen different recognized emperors and thirty tyrants.

Charles I. of England represented government by divine right. Cromwell was government by successful force. Premier Baldwin represents government by social contract. George V. is the divine-right figurehead, but even now as such he and his family represent continuity. Mr. Baldwin may be defeated in parliament and may be rejected by the people in an election, but this Saxe-Coburg-Hanoverian family which hooks up with the Stuarts, Tudors, Plantagenets, Danes, and Saxons, who have ruled England since the withdrawal of the Roman legions in 420, represents the continuity from the source of divinity to the present day.

The American people in their independent life as a nation have never known anything but government by social contract. They have never known a *coup d'etat* or a man on horseback. Their government has come orderly out of the expression of their will. They have never had a government which asserted a divine right or one which came from force.

This makes them exceptional among all the people of the world. The French republic, which was born immediately after ours, succumbed first to force. Its dictator and then emperor was Napoleon. His source of power was his will. It was not derived from divinity and church or from social contract and popular decision. It was brilliant in the effective lifetime of one man and fell. France went back to the divine right, with a Bourbon successor to Napoleon.

Mexico has had only government by force, successful under Diaz and a failure since until the moment of Obregon and his successor, Calles. Other Latin-American republics rest on force.

In principle our continuity is sound. In working it has a weak spot. We elect a President in November, not technically but in fact. We install him in March. There is a four months' break in government unless the President is elected to succeed himself. Otherwise the President going out hesitates to take a firm hand. He does not know his successor's policy. This interregnum has been serious, but the American people have been so pre-eminently successful in continuing their government that they are overlooking its weak spot.

The prince succeeds the king when the king is dead. We should have the inauguration follow the election, with a new Congress coming in shortly after it is elected instead of, possibly, thirteen months afterward. By constitutional amendment it is proposed that this change of government shall be in January following the November election instead of the following March for President and possibly the following December for Congress.

Continuity is the eternal essence of government. Let's close the gap in ours.

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IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

Ring Lardner—Elsie Janis—Clarence Budington Kelland
Kathleen Norris—John Taintor Foote

LIBERTY will be one year old next week. The youngster has grown amazingly and the first birthday, we think, is an event. So we have assembled a notable gathering of folks to help celebrate. *Ring Lardner* will be present with a hilarious comedy called *Mr. and Mrs. Fix-It. Elsie Janis* steps off the stage to write in joyous vein under the title, *Every Day Is Mother's Day to Me,* explaining why parental apron strings are more to her liking than all the wedding bells in the world. *Clarence Budington Kelland* contributes a swift-moving short story, *The Stage Carpenter,* about a pretty prima donna, a nefarious blackmail plot, and some exciting goings-on in the theater. There will be new installments of *Kathleen Norris'* superb novel, *The Unforgivable Sin,* and of *Trub's Diary,* by *John Taintor Foote,* and *Arthur Sears Henning* will discuss a surprising state of affairs in American government in the first of a series of articles entitled *Will the Cities Revolt?*

ELSIE JANIS

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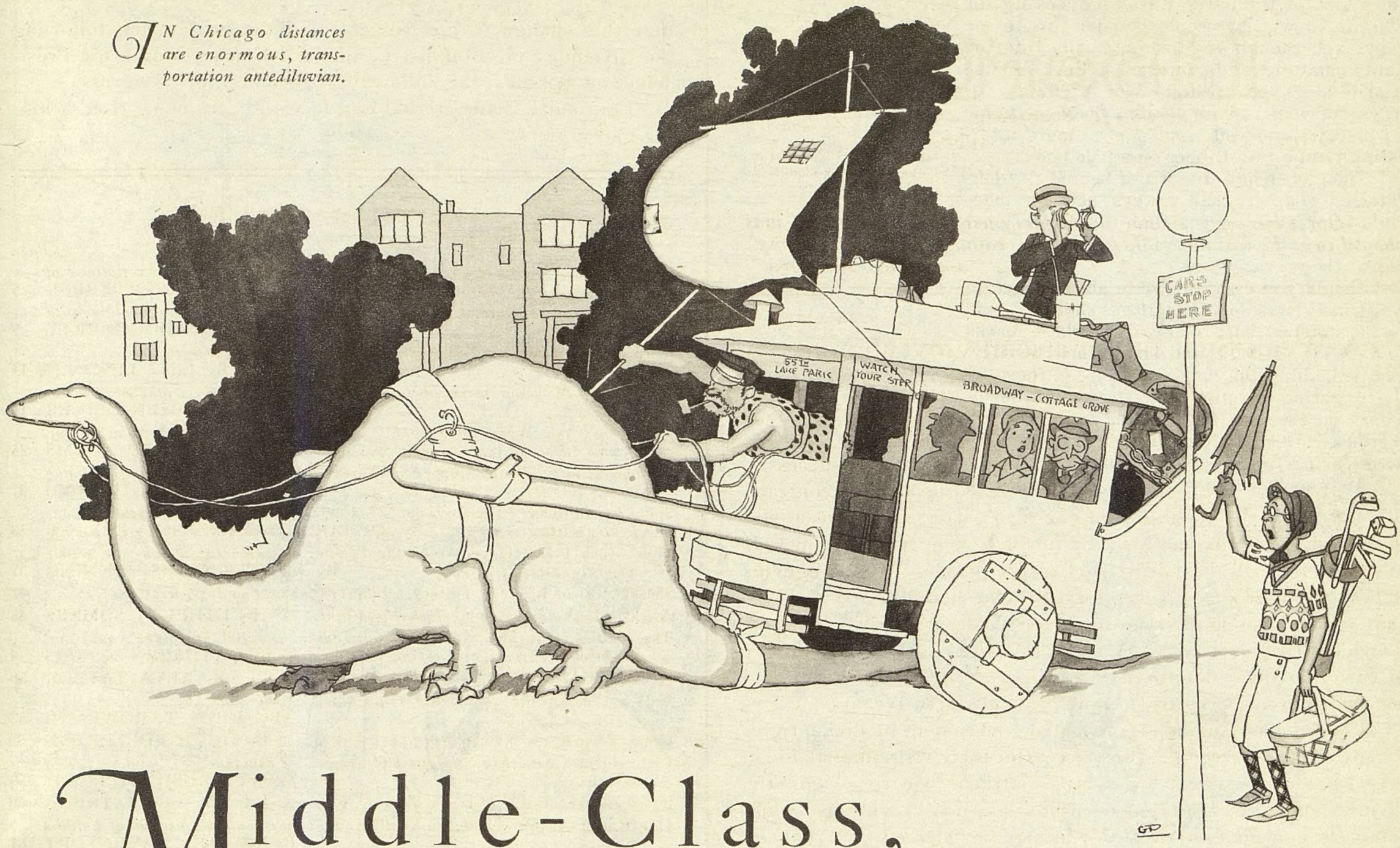
IN Chicago distances are enormous, transportation antediluvian.



Middle-Class, Middle-West Me

The Confessions of a Corn-Fed Novelist

By EDNA FERBER

Pictures by GARRETT PRICE

THERE flourishes in the United States a sentimental belief, so widespread as to be part of the American credo, that the farther west you travel, starting from the Atlantic seaboard, the warmer the heart of the people you encounter and the closer your ear to the pulse of American humanity until, by the time you arrive at, say, Seattle or San Francisco, everyone you meet is practically bulging with heart and rocking with pulse. It probably isn't true. Still, if it is true, the bulge isn't due so much to geography as it is to architecture and square footage.

Side by side with the above simple tenet is another equally fallacious. It is that the rich are invariably stony-hearted, bizarre, careless, and pretty devilish; the poor, sympathetic, noble, and eager to share their little all with their neighbor; and the middle class a good deal like the middle-sized bear in the story of the Three Bears—everything about them just right.

For years I was one of those who believed that New Yorkers were cold and aloof, Chicagoans warm and hearty, and that Californians made hospitality their life work. There it is: East, Middle West, West. To the Chicagoan, New York is East. But to the Oma—(Omahan?—Omahawan?—Omahaan?)—well, anyway, to the resident of Omaha, Chicago is East. To the Denverite, Omaha is East. A San Franciscan told me that he was going back East to visit his folks. "New York?" I said, more in confirmation than interrogation. "Oh, no," said he. "Kansas City."

Between the petrified pebble which is supposed to constitute the sole cardiac equipment of the New Yorker, and the great, bulbous, beating muscle mass that is believed to make up most of the physical structure of the Arizonian or Californian, lies that corn-fed, rich, and ample organ known as the Middle-Western heart. If having lived most of one's life in Wisconsin and Illinois insures the possession of one of these last, I've got one.

While there has been no nation-wide clamor about it, there has been an occasional inquirer to say, boredly, "Why do you always write about Chicago or some such Middle-Western wilderness? And why do you always choose commonplace middle-class people for your characters?"

At first these questions gave me what is rhetorically known as pause. I hadn't realized that I was confining myself to any section or stratum. A middle-class person living in Appleton, Wisconsin, or Chicago, Illinois, one naturally wrote about middle-class persons living in Appleton or Chicago. Never having been rich or poor, the rich and poor were strange fields and pastures. That, I explained feebly, must be my excuse.

"But," persisted the interrogator, with a tinge of distaste in his voice, "do you *like* to write about them?"

"Like? Like to—why, listen! No other kind of person fascinates and excites my writing sense. And that's the truth. There's no explaining it."

Still, perhaps at birth, one of those Bad Fairies who hadn't been invited came sneaking in and gave me a smart clip over the head with her magic wand, saying:

"Abracadabra or wordstothateffect! Yours shall be the commonplace middle-class name of Edna. All your life you shall be cursed with the inability to be dazzled by the romantic rich or thrilled by the picturesque poor. Never shall you be seen wandering, wet-eyed, around

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the slums of the lower East Side looking for what is known (by people who don't write) as copy; and though you peer hungrily into the perambulators and limousines of Park Avenue it shall avail you nothing. Not A Thing. Always, for you, a tough young garage mechanic on his afternoon off shall appear more interesting than a Van Bibber on a polo pony.

"The girl slicing liverwurst behind the delicatessen counter shall always make a more vivid impression on you than the professional beauty in satin and emeralds and a red plush box at the opera.

"Should you essay to write about ladies in white kid gloves, lo! those gloves shall be found to be stamped with many little black marks just inside the cuff and shall smell terribly. You will think the marks are placed there by the Superior Cleaning and Dyeing establishment and that the smell is the cleaning fluid they use. But both shall have been put there by me as part of my witch's curse.

"And don't think that, by climbing into the rich class, you may hope to evade this

Chicago men do not carry canes. When we see a man striding down Michigan boulevard with a yellow walking stick, we know it's Gene Markey or a New York actor.

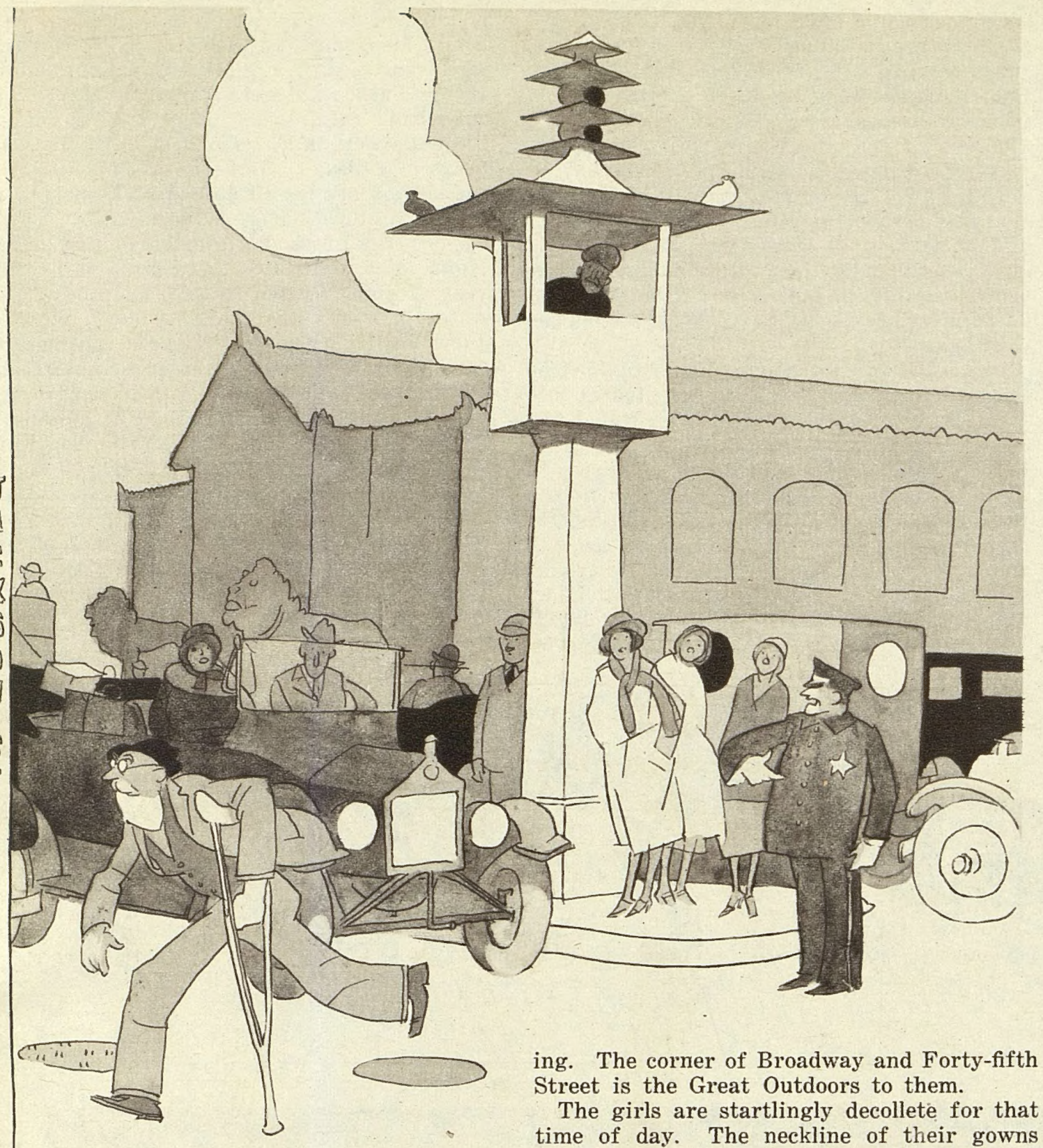
curse. For from the minute you begin to say, 'Home, James!' instead of, 'Let me off at the next corner, conductor!' you will find that even your grubby garage mechanics, and small-time vaudeville actors, and snuffy old men, and middle-aged housewives, and old maids, and commonplace husbands will vanish from your typewriter, leaving nothing. There! Take that, you poor thing, and see what it gets you."

With a handicap like that you're practically beaten at birth. To you and your middle-class heroes and heroines the door of the motion picture palace is closed; for what have motion picture palaces, with their queenly inmates, their leopard-skin rugs, their came-the-dawns, their Tudor tables and silken hangings and cabarets, to do with the commonplace? As for the door of the legitimate stage—it may be opened a few cautious inches, but it, too, is likely to be slammed quickly, so that your toe is pinched in the crack.

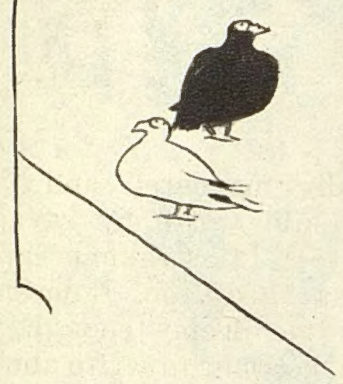
When the beautiful young daughter of the insolvent Fifth Avenue banker marries her father's rich old friend in order to save the family fortunes it may spell tragedy, but it leaves me cold.

When the Russian peasant sees his family brutally murdered and his farm laid waste by savage samovars in astrakhan caps, that's tragedy, too. It doesn't touch me deeply enough to make me want to write about it. Or perhaps it touches me too deeply for expression. Whatever it is, the steppes of Russia are safe from my pen, and so are all bankers' daughters. But Booth Tarkington's Alice Adams, in the priceless novel of that name, sitting partnerless against the wall at the dance, pretending to be popular—there's tragedy that leaves me limp with emotion. I don't know why.

If I were grazing for stuff to be used in a story whose scene was laid in a restaurant it would never occur to me to go to the Ritz in New York, or the Drake in Chicago.



Neither would I penetrate one of the slumgullion lunchrooms on the water front near the Battery or on Chicago's West Side near the stockyards.



But I would cast a speculative eye on Childs' restaurant at Broadway near Forty-fifth, between eleven and twelve in the morning, when the queer migratory birds that nest in the grim, dim-corridored rooming houses of the West Forties are eating their midday breakfast.

There you see small-time vaudeville teams, minus the spangles and greasepaint with which you are accustomed to associate them, eating their matutinal scrambled eggs and toast and coffee and reading the Bills Next Week page of *Variety*.

There you will find the hard-working, simple, shrewd chorus girl of the less rapacious type. There you will behold paradoxical misses with nineteen-year-old faces and a look stamped on them that goes with forty. They are breakfasting with their Boys—sleek young men with a curious suppleness born of much indoor dancing. The corner of Broadway and Forty-fifth Street is the Great Outdoors to them.

The girls are startlingly decollete for that time of day. The neckline of their gowns would pass muster at a court ball. The cruel searching noonday sun beats in upon them through the brazen plate glass window as they sit serenely munching toast and coffee.

Their makeup has been applied in the artificial light of a boarding house inside bedroom, and now stands out so glaringly undeceptive as to give the effect of actual candor. The youth and freshness behind it still show through, triumphant.

Then there are those lettuce-leaf tea rooms that are strewn, rather limp and wilted, up and down the side streets between Madison Avenue and Sixth Avenue in New York. Chicago is still, perhaps, too virile for tea rooms. What later will be her tea-room clientele now lustily battles its way through the clatter and crash of the cafeteria.

Both tea room and cafeteria are sought by the woman shopper; by the stenographer, the saleswoman, the very moderate-salaried man in business. Here, too, is fair pasture for grazing. I am far from despising the artichokes of the Ritz or the ham-and of Pete's Place. They just don't make stories for me.

As for this living in New York and writing about Chicago—that's simple.

In Chicago distances are enormous, transportation antediluvian. Chicago, sprawled over miles of prairie like a great, uncouth, sooty-faced, huge-limbed (see Sandburg poems) giant, cannot be traversed easily. Its architecture and geography make for neighborhood life.

When a Chicago North Sider living out on Sheridan Road undertakes to call on a South Sider living at Woodlawn and Sixty-fourth, it's a pilgrimage. If he drives in a motor car it will take him from an hour and a half to two hours, maintaining a pretty steady clip all the way. If he takes the "L," the time consumed is slightly less.

If he takes the surface line he packs a suitcase, bids his family good-by, provisions himself with canned goods and pemmican, and steels himself against a long, hard, and perilous journey.

When a North Side boy and a South Side girl fall in love they marry quickly or part at once. No protracted courtship could survive in the face of the time and energy needed.

This makes for neighborhood life, for community life, though Chicago is a city of more than three millions. Chicago still has front yards and back yards, and stoops. Chicago lives in six-family apartment buildings, three stories high, with three apartments on either side. Each apartment has a back porch, and a front porch or a "sun parlor." And so long as there are front porches and back porches your neighbor has an eye on at least part of your household life.

Chicago has alleys intersecting every block. Your next-door neighbor sees your living room rugs on the back porch railing. She hears you haggling with the vegetable peddler in the alley. She sees the Sunday ice cream delivered by Jim, the drug store errand boy. Her husband plays golf with your husband at the Jackson Park links or the Lincoln Park links, three or four blocks distant.

IN Chicago the neighborhood children of the middle class play on the rather scuffed grass plots at the front of the apartment house or in the sooty but bravely green yard at the back of the house. They even plant nasturtiums and sweet William and sweet peas against the side of the rackety looking board fence when spring comes round. Chicago husbands (newly wed) can turn to wave good-by to the blue or pink breakfast coat in the window. Not only that, they actually do it.

Chicago children, playing out of doors before time for the evening meal, can still cry, "Here comes Dad!"—a message more utilitarian than the sentimental might wish, for it is heard by the figure on the front porch, who, in turn, conveys it to her who is supervising the baked potatoes and lamb chops in the kitchen.

It is, doubtless, all very dull and middle-class and stuffy—and there's nothing in the world that so interests me. Now, none of this proves that the Chicagoan is simpler and warmer-hearted than the New Yorker. It proves, in a word, nothing.

No one who knows New York need be told that its inhabitants dwell, for the most part, in great hives containing twenty-five, fifty, a hundred, two hundred families.

No New York husband, be he ever so uxorious, can turn in the street to look up and wave good-by to a wife who is at the moment on the fifteenth floor, rear, and who couldn't possibly see him if he turned somersaults and did handsprings for her benefit.

New York, when it sallies forth from its dwelling, puts on a hat. Chicago may or may not, depending on inclination and season. Certainly it may go hatless from June until October on any street without attracting so much as a passing glance.

Chicago men do not carry canes, even on Michigan Boulevard. When we see a man striding down Michigan Boulevard with a yellow walking stick and one of those Prince of Wales gray hats worn a little on one side, we know it's Gene Markey or a New York actor.

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Sometimes you will see a Chicagoan carrying a walking stick on Sunday. But his heart isn't in it. He knows he's all dressed up.

Perhaps Lake Michigan has had something to do with all this. For the Lake (in capital letters, always) acts as a gigantic melting pot. No city, be it ever so far up in the scale of millions in population, can escape the small-town atmosphere that goes with a common bathing place. Common is here used in the large sense, as meaning universal.

All Chicago lives in the Lake from June until September. In the sweltering days of July and August Lake Michigan is Chicago's Mecca, and the streets swarm with pilgrims making for its healing waters. In street cars, elevated trains, Fords, limousines, on foot they come—and they come in their bathing suits.

No city is a formal city in which the president of the Hyde Park Bank and Charley, who delivers your groceries, can both be seen, bare-legged, scant bathrobe billowing in the breeze, making for the beach at the foot of Fifty-third Street.

A procession of men and women, boys and girls, in bathing suits, with shabby old terry-cloth bathrobes flung over their shoulders, strolling across Fifty-seventh Street or up Central Park West, or Fifth Avenue, would probably precipitate a riot call in New York. It doesn't ripple an eyebrow in Chicago.

As for hats—you wear one when you go downtown in the summertime in Chicago. In the neighborhood streets it's pure swank.

Then there's the stockyards smell—another purely local institution. It is likely to make visitors slightly ill, but native Chicagoans sniff its pungent breath and say, "Wind's from the west again."

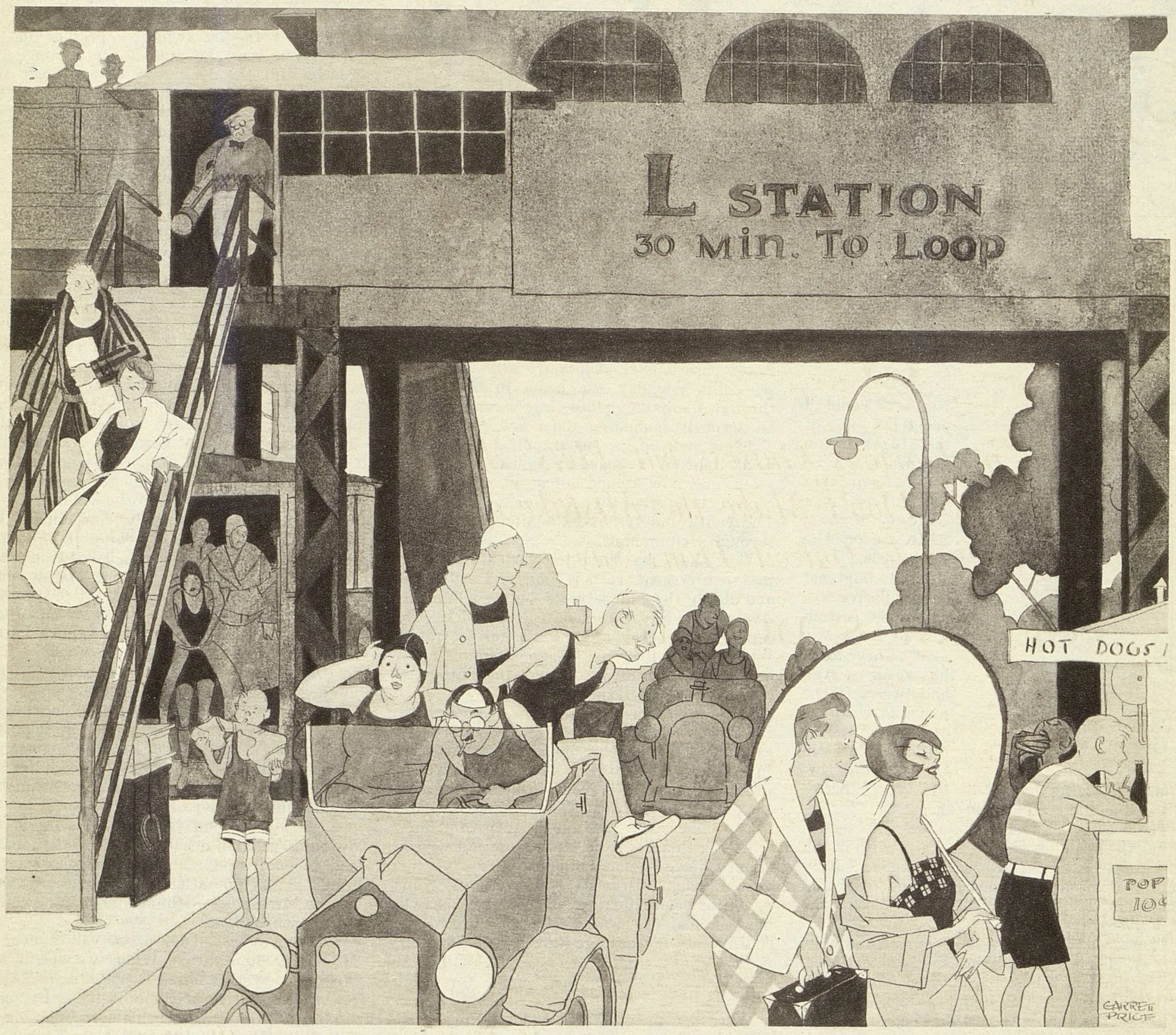
Chicago's foreign population is divided as clearly into groups as Europe is divided into countries. In New York, Little Italy may be just around the corner from the jimcracky French chateau of a railroad millionaire. In Chicago you know definitely that here is the Italian section; here live the Poles; this neighborhood is almost solid negro; here are the Dutch; there the Hungarians. The city has not absorbed them. Each remains individual, different. Each can be studied separately.

This is equally true of the middle-class neighborhoods of native Chicago dwellers. You hear Chicagoans say they live in Hyde Park, in Ravenswood, in Englewood, in Kenwood, in Irving Park, in Rogers Park. It may sound suburban—rural, even. It isn't. Any one of these districts is Chicago itself, and the very heart of Chicago. But the original name of the section has been retained. The neighborhood small-town feeling has persisted.

For years I rocked comfortably on a Chicago front porch and watched the town go by; for years I ambled down to the Lake and played water ball with the other residents of East View Park; for years I drove a middle-class car up and down Chicago's middle-class streets, and walked, hatless, along its boulevards.

And, though now I live in the City of Sophistication, I'll never be more than an onlooker in it. First Nights, and Literary Teas, and Pomeranian Pups, and Sable Coats, and Roof Bungalows will always be things that I shall View With Alarm, mingled with a feeling of unreality. And when it comes to writing I turn back to the town with a little human awkwardness left in it.

THE END



The streets swarm with pilgrims. In street cars, elevated trains, Fords, limousines, on foot they come—and they come in their bathing suits.

TAKE no chances. If the burglar bids you throw up your hands, throw them up.

How to Treat a Burglar

He Comes in Various Guises, but He's Always Dangerous—Don't Make the Mistake of Trying to Outwit Him, Says

GEORGE S. DOUGHERTY

Pictures by H. WINFIELD SCOTT

THE author of this article was formerly chief of detectives in the New York City police department. Previous to holding that important post he was with the Pinkertons. By reason of his work in both crime suppressing agencies he won a wide fame. His articles on crime and crime combating are regarded by police officials as authoritative and soundly based upon his long experience.

Herein he gives a number of simple rules for dealing with the burglar. For example:

Do not admit professed gas, lighting, or other inspectors to your house unless you are sure of their identity. They may be impostors.

Fight no duels with the burglar. He has the drop on you.

Be quick to obey the burglar's commands. Talk to him. Talk fast. But don't get fresh.

If you have a chance, flash on all possible lights. But be sure he isn't covering you with his gun.

A small, noisy dog is good protection.

Unless the burglar is in the same room with you, make a loud noise. Hurl something through a window pane. Fire several shots into the air. A police whistle is a good thing.

Never go gunning for the burglar. The advantage is all with him. He is a killer.

If he enters your room, stay where he finds you—in bed, in your chair. It may sound valiant to fight, but he has you covered—and what price glory?

But if you come upon him absorbed in his work, and if you are sure you are making no mistake, shoot. Shoot to kill. But be sure you don't miss.

LET US not mince words or dodge the unpleasant. If you, pistol in hand, come upon a burglar absorbed in helping himself from your safe, your bureau, your silver chest, or anything else that is yours, shoot to kill. Forget the fictionized burglar scenes where the hero, stepping from behind draperies into the presence of the thief who is so busy looting the place that he doesn't hear the hero's approach, engages the thug in casual conversation and then either ushers the fellow out cowed with philosophy or hypnotizes him into abject apology.

Such scenes are pure slush. The fiction writer must know it. The actor knows it if he is capable of knowing anything. Any police official of whatever degree of intelligence will assure you that it is sheer bunk. I repeat, then—if you wake up to find a burglar rifling your bureau, and if you have a pistol handy and if you have the drop on him, let him have it. You will thereby be doing a public service. The man who will jimmy his way into your home at night to rob you will often with as little compunction kill you rather than submit to arrest or be killed.

Understand me. I do not advocate precipitate gun-play. On the contrary, I would so

[CONTINUED ON PAGE ELEVEN]

"In february of this year (1924) my third baby was born. Three months later found me with constipation, headaches and just dragging around—and *three small children*. I decided something had to be done. I started taking Fleischmann's Yeast, a cake morning and night. In a few weeks I was able to stop the use of cathartics; headaches and backaches were gone; and I had plenty of energy. I felt like a different woman." Mrs. Marie T. Gardner, Glencarlyn, Va.

"After three years of strenuous work training, I found myself a graduate nurse struggling to keep up, with lowered resistance, nervousness, indigestion and loss of appetite due to chronic constipation. My physician advised me to take Fleischmann's Yeast three or four times daily. At once I began to feel better. Today I can cheerfully and bravely face my patients. Long hours, responsibilities, I no longer fear, thanks to Fleischmann's Yeast."

Miss Konstance Wellcome, St. Paul, Minn.

You Know Such People—

Full of a new zest and joy in living. Read their remarkable tributes to this simple fresh food

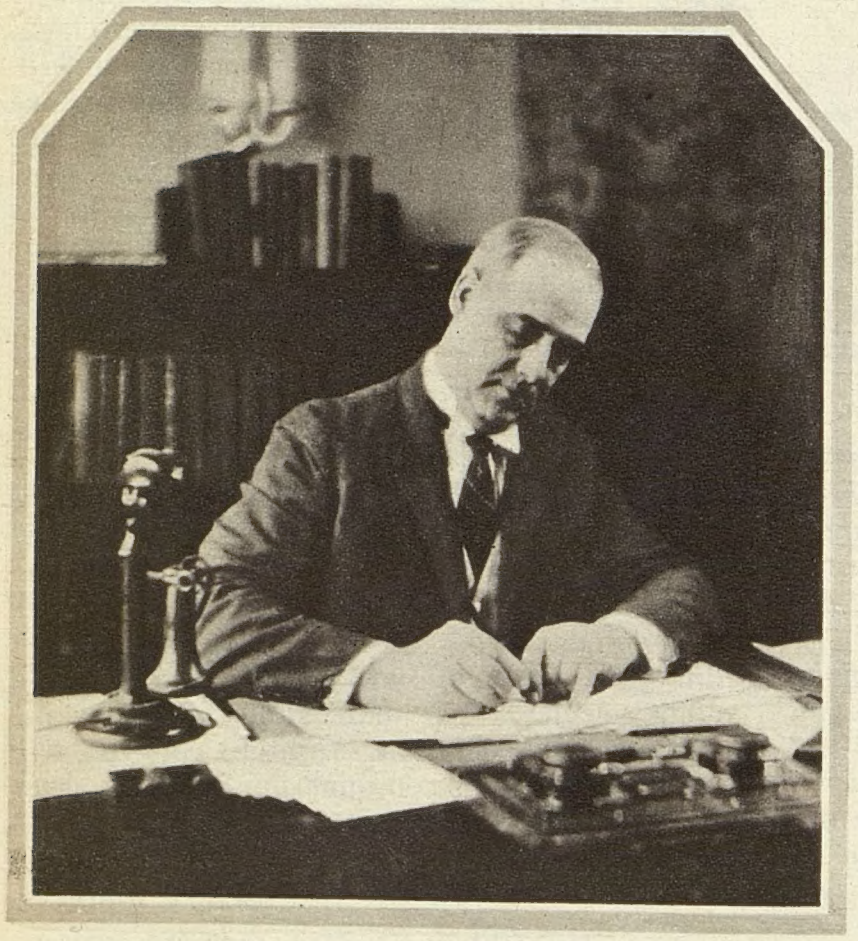
"As a humanitarian, and as a physician for twenty-two years, I unhesitatingly recommend that persons suffering from deficient digestion give Fleischmann's Yeast a test for a few weeks. I suffered from a bad stomach for nearly twenty years. Abandoned hope of receiving permanent relief. The unsophisticated would remark, 'Strange the doctor cannot cure his own stomach.'

"Since taking Fleischmann's Yeast cakes, which I began last June, I sleep one and a half hours more and can eat 'a man's dinner' without distress. I am happy now and those around me appreciate it." Dr. William Nealon, Philadelphia, Pa.

"As a traveling salesman I found myself suffering from chronic constipation and general stomach disorders induced by irregular meals. My head ached continuously. I lacked 'pep.' My record fell off alarmingly. . . . I tried Fleischmann's Yeast. In a few weeks my tendency to be constipated had practically disappeared and with it my headaches. I have broken all my previous sales records. I feel that Fleischmann's Yeast has materially helped me up the ladder toward success." Fred Corrington, Litchfield. Ill.

"I was a pale, thin, sickly child. At twelve I developed acne of the face, which became chronic in spite of medical care and good hygiene. Serums, ointments, washes, drugs, diets, lotions, made me wretched without improving the unsightly condition.

"Then I consulted our family doctor, who strongly advised trying one cake of Fleischmann's Yeast before meals (three times a day). I took it regularly for six months. . . . My face cleared, I lost that thin, pale look, and was able to continue with my work at college." Miss Rose Cooperman, Brooklyn, N. Y.



A Famous Food *for health—start eating it today*

NOT a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense—Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food. The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active. And day by day it releases new stores of energy.

Eat two or three cakes a day before meals: on crackers—in fruit juices or milk—or just plain. *For constipation especially, dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) night and morning.* Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days. All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Start eating it today! And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. G17, The Fleischmann Co., 701 Washington St., New York.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE NINE]

restrict the manufacture, sale, and distribution of firearms as to make the possession thereof not only rare but confined to a discriminating few.

Before such shooting as I advocate above, be absolutely certain that your victim is a burglar. Be certain that the person at the bureau is not your husband, your wife, or anybody else who is not a thief. There have been too many tragedies born of mistaken identity. Remember, when you awake from slumber your vision is imperfect, your mind is not functioning clearly. Better lose everything you own than, in your confusion or panic, kill or wound him or her who is coming home late and whose stealth is an effort not to disturb you. Advising a person to shoot is a risky business. Be sure. Better a financial loss than a life-long regret.

Try no gun-play with the burglar who has the drop on you. You have something less than one-tenth of one per cent of a chance with him. Do what he tells you to do—and do it quickly. In these days of amateur banditry—far more desperate and irresponsible than it was years ago, when robbery was a profession and not a mere avocation—the housebreaker is just as likely to be panicky as his victim is. He holds his trigger with a nervous finger. He kills, in many cases at least, in panic. He is not deterred by fear of the gallows. In fact, he never thinks that rapidly in a crisis; if, indeed, he thinks at all. He has not the steady courage of the old masters of thirty years ago. They rarely killed because every attending killing made the profession the more difficult.

But today the burglar is self-recruited at random and without preliminary thought from the shops, the offices, the factories, the schoolrooms. Such burglars may have never broken a law before. They need money, or think they do. They are desperate, or think they are. They are constantly reminded in the newspapers that men are doing it—and getting away with it. It is human to be hopeful. The amateur in crime doesn't realize that he is ostracizing himself, that he is pretty sure to be caught in time, that he may make a swift trip from law-abiding probity to the iron cage or the electric chair.

SO take no chances. If the burglar is at your bedside and bids you throw up your hands, throw them up. Keep them up. If you are awakened by noise below or above or in another part of your apartment and, while you are investigating, come face to face with your burglar, stop where you are. Don't be foolhardy. Obey him implicitly. It is cheaper. You can earn more money; you can buy jewels to replace those he takes. But not, my friend, if you are dead.

But if you have the drop on him and are sure of it; if you are sure you won't miss—let him have it. It may not be the sporting thing to do, but he is no sport. He is not giving you a sporting chance—and will not.

Suppose we consider the burglar as he is classified by the police. First, you have the daylight burglar. He loves the bridge party, the afternoon tea, or the week-end visit. Not for himself, but for you. Why? Merely because it leaves houses vacant and, therefore, available. He will watch a house, the contents of which he covets, for an opportunity to see it vacated for a few hours and then he will occupy it, so to speak, temporarily. He is the jackal of his profession.

Or, lacking such opportunity, he will present himself at the front door when only the woman of the house and her children are within and announce himself as the inspector for the gas company, for the electric light company, for the city. He will display a badge to prove it, or even forged credentials. He is as honest looking as he can be; but who is to say who, from his appearance, is honest and who is not?

Be warned. Do not let him roam the house unattended. Go along with him. Keep at a respectful distance—out of arm's reach. Such men have been known to dispose of women by using a blackjack or their fists. And then he might resort to strategy. He may have a confederate who will, after the burglar has been in the house for a time, ring the front door bell, which would naturally draw the woman of the house to answer it. The confederate will try valiantly to keep the woman occupied as long as possible, thus giving the burglar his opportunity to ransack.

The safest thing to do is to deny him entrance. Tell him to wait on the stoop or the porch or in the hall while you telephone the gas company, the electric light company, or the city bureau he professes to represent. If he is bogus he will not remain.

An excellent safeguard against such intruders is the short chain bolt on the front door. This chain is screwed to the door and the boss on its free end slips into a slotted keeper on the jam. Thus set, it will permit the door to open an inch or so—enough to permit of conversation with the stranger without but not enough to admit a human body. If the bogus inspector tries the unusual and seeks to force his way in he will find himself frustrated.

Second, you have the bogus inspector who, once inside, will unlimber a gun and, training it upon the unsuspecting woman, say something like this:

"No noise now. Do what I tell you and you won't be harmed. I'm out to get what I can—see? Just come along and show me where you keep the money and the jewelry. That's all I want. Do what I tell you and you won't be hurt. Get nasty, and——"

And he flourishes his pistol in the face of the semi-petrified woman. If there are children, he threatens to harm them. The average woman will take a chance for her own safety, but threaten her children and she surrenders. The bogus inspector is the snake.

Then the second-story man. The most adroit of all of them, although perhaps not the most desperate. He limits his operations, for the most part, to the suburban home. He prefers the more elaborate houses, and finds the summer colonies of the wealthy better prospects. Dinner time, when the occupants of the house are at the table and all the servants on the first floor, suits his purposes best.

His profession requires training. To be an adept in his line requires calm nerves, dexterity, the ability to think quickly. There are not more than twenty-five first-class porch climbers in America. The others are upstart dolts with no real aptitude for the work. The porch climber is the monkey.

THE fourth is the most dangerous of all—the prowler. He is the midnight worker. There are two species of him. The first operates on the ground floor only, seeking silver and gold plate. He is quite likely to help himself to the owner's liquor and sometimes leaves an impudent note praising the booze and the food.

"Thanks for the booze," reads the note. "Sorry I had to take the silver, because I hate to touch off a fellow criminal. The law says you shouldn't have booze, just as it says I shouldn't swipe the silver. Drop in and talk it over some day."

This sort of housebreaker is a murderer at heart. He is the most willing of all to shoot if he is interrupted. He is, in that respect, like the other species of the same prowling class. This second one loots any or all parts of the house. He is the man of the electric torch, which he flashes and smothers in rapid stabs as he sneaks from room to room. He often wears a mask. He is the wolf.

This burglar loves his art; loves it for the kick he gets out of it. It is living to him. He is not averse to a little gun-play, either, and will willingly shoot it out with you or the police. A tough man. A sometimes overconfident man. He has a prison record and knows that to be caught means a long term as a second or third offender. He doesn't want to go to jail for twenty or forty years. He would rather take a chance of dying from a bullet than dying of old age in a prison.

If you come face to face with him, talk to him, but utter no threats. It takes nerve to talk calmly in such situations, but it is the best thing to do. Don't talk loudly, and if he tells you to shut up—well, shut up. But he is frequently disconcerted by conversation where a fight puts him at ease. To be sure, there is no arbitrary form of conversation you should, if you have sufficient control over your tongue, hold with this criminal.

"Go to it, old man," you say to him. "I shan't interfere. How did you get into this business? It must be thrilling. Would you really shoot me? You wouldn't hurt the kids, would you? Have you a wife and kids of your own? Don't you think you could earn a good living at some less dangerous enterprise?"

Please again understand me. I do not guarantee that references to the burglar's wife (whom he probably beats) and his children (whom, most likely, he neglects) are going to

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

When You Burst Into Loud Laughter

—as you assuredly will next week when you read RING LARDNER'S *latest riot,* MR. AND MRS. FIX-IT—*don't be so overcome with mirth that you'll fail to notice what a keen observer of human idiosyncrasies the author is.*

MR. AND MRS. FIX-IT, *a story about the Know-It-All type of people with whom everyone has come in contact, is an intensely interesting adventure in psychology, so cleverly saturated with humor that none but the observant will note what a real human document it is.*

READ IT IN

Next Week's Liberty

If you, pistol in hand, come upon a burglar absorbed in helping himself from anything that is yours, shoot to kill.

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soften his heart. It is entirely possible that, if he thinks you are kidding him, he will get nasty, but the fact remains that he doesn't expect you to have the audacity to talk calmly to him about himself and very often this sort of conversation will disconcert him.

Remember this. The chances are that he would be just as afraid of you, were your places exchanged, as you are of him. He does not want to be hurt any more than you do—and he intends seeing to it, if possible, that he isn't hurt or interfered with. It is to take an awful chance to dare such a marauder to shoot. He is a vain man and will often wantonly kill just to prove he is bad.

A WOMAN frequently has better luck in outwitting a burglar. A woman is more likely to talk to the intruder than a man. Generally speaking, a man takes no chances with a burglar. The relationship of men to men is quite different. While there are, of course, burglars who have no compunctions about killing a woman, it is nevertheless true that they will kill a man more readily.

And a woman will not give up her jewels and money to a burglar as readily as a man will. She will start an argument. She will become indignant. The man-victim is inclined to resign himself to the loss, taking what comfort he can out of the fact that he carries theft insurance (if he does), but the woman——

"Oh," she cries, "you wouldn't take that, would you? Why, that has been in our family for years. And you wouldn't take my wedding and engagement rings, would you? How mean you are! And that belonged to my mother. She is dead. Be a sport, please. You won't get much for that stuff. Let them alone and tell me where you live. I will send you some money. The very idea! You don't look like a man who would do this. What is the matter? Is your family in want? Please go away and I shall try to get some money for you and I shall ask my husband to get you a job."

But, whatever you do, don't be brash. Don't try to assault your burglar. He has the drop on you. Remember that. And remember that prevention is much more satisfactory than cure. As plenty of sunlight is one of the best preventives against disease, so is plenty of electric light the best guard against a burglar. He can't work in the light. He shuns the light. There are methods by which you can have every light in that room or that part of the house blaze forth the moment a door or a window is opened. The burglar carefully forces a window. He raises it slowly. It goes up or down an inch and a dozen electric lights burst upon him. He is through. He will leave.

The prowler loves the temporarily unoccupied house. It were better if your house were never unoccupied, if at all times there were somebody at home—a caretaker, a relative, a servant. But this is, of course, impossible at times. In any case, never advertise the fact by drawn curtains and absolute absence of lights that your house is without occupants. The drawn curtain, the bowed shutter, signs for the postman, the milkman, and so on, informing them that you are not at home, are cordial invitations to the prowler.

A small, noisy dog is excellent protection. Leaving crumpled papers on the floors of hallways or passages disconcert the burglar. He treads on them and the crackling of the paper upsets him. Any unusual noise may be effective. If you should hear a burglar below or in an adjoining room, hurl some breakable thing through a closed window. Throw a vase or a pitcher down the stairs. But don't shout. The sound of a human voice in a cry for help might enrage the man. The sound of something falling gives him pause and, perhaps, moves him to abandon his project.

If you hear sounds which are surely made by a prowler and you are safely out of his reach, draw your pistol and fire. Fire it several times. Not at him, but out the window. There is danger in this, of course. You may hurt somebody some distance away. Better to fire into the baseboard of your room, or go to the window and fire into the ground. But don't go gunning for the burglar. He can hear you coming. You are at a great disadvantage and the chances are excellent that he will murder you.

If he is a professional he will have cut the telephone wires, so there is no use trying to call the police that way. If he hasn't cut them the chances are that he is an amateur or bungler at his job and is, therefore, even more dangerous. If it is possible, upon the discovery of a burglar in the house, gather all of your family into one room and lock the door. Then open the window and shout. Shout loudly and keep on shouting. He will leave. He may leave with rage in his heart. He may leave desiring to kill you and yours, but he will leave, and that, after all, is the prime consideration.

If you are the fortunate possessor of much jewelry and other things coveted by the burglar, have it photographed. Be prepared to describe it accurately. Have it insured. Then sit tight. Do everything humanly possible to ward off the prowler, but prize your life above all your other possessions.

I am in favor of Federal laws prohibiting unlicensed persons from possessing pistols, but as long as it is possible for criminals to go around armed with them I believe that every householder should have one. Keep a police whistle near your bed. Unless the burglar has you covered or is in a position to shoot you, blow it the moment you are convinced the prowler is in the house. I am not at all sure that the police whistle is not a better weapon for you than the pistol because the latter, in the hands of one unaccustomed to handling it, is too often the cause of bitter tragedy. There is nothing much more dangerous than a revolver in the hands of an excited or ignorant person.

But never go gunning for your burglar. I have said that before, but I want to repeat it. Keep as far away from him as the limits of your house or flat permit and at once turn on all the lights within reach.

No, never go gunning for him. Discretion is the better part of valor. If he has you by the hip, figuratively speaking, of course, remain in bed. Covering up your head is entirely at your own discretion, but remain in bed. In bed or wherever you chance to be. Call for help if you are out of range of his gun (if he is below stairs and you above), but be sure it is worth while.

I do not wish to give you the notion that I am a pacifist. I do not hold to the theory that one should turn the other cheek. But it is unfair not only to yourself, but to your family, for you to be foolhardy. If you are awakened at night by the sound of a prowler, pause. Pause and reflect. Impulsive action may cost you your life. For any ill there is no better medicine than calm thinking. It may not be glorious to remain supinely in bed or in your chair if you are surprised by the burglar, but it may be the intelligent thing to do.

Save your own life. Save the lives of your family. That, my friend, must come first.

THERE is more shooting by burglars today than there ever was. The old-timers looked upon violence as stupidity, for the reason that, as I have said, it aroused too much opposition. The mere fact that a place is robbed may be passed by as a regrettable incident, but let a shooting accompany it and the city or town is aroused. Thirty years ago the only burglars who shot wantonly were the so-called Dutchmen. They were the lowest of thugs, and often doped and degenerate. They seemed to take pleasure in shooting, but they were pretty well obliterated by the police and posses of citizens.

The higher type of burglar was represented by Gentleman George Elwood. Gentleman George was a debonair soul who abhorred rough stuff. He was never known to have fired a shot until one night, upon leaving a house heavily laden with swag, he was accosted by a patrolman.

"What have you got in the bundle?" demanded the patrolman.

George's answer was unsatisfactory, and the patrolman leaned over to inspect the bundle.

And George then broke his record for pacifistic burglary. Probably all of his suppressed desires to fight rallied to overpower his intelligence. He shot the patrolman through the back of the head. Gentleman George was a murderer and he paid the murderer's full price. Far and wide the other professional burglars deplored Gentleman George's folly. Murder was not so common in those days, and particularly the murder of policemen. The country went quite wild about it and an open season for burglars was declared.

I don't know how many burglars were killed by policemen and citizens in the following year, but it was quite a number, and the profession slumped.

It is not nice to take human life. You do not want to do it. You will not do it, you say, in any circumstances. Very well. But let me repeat what I have said at the beginning of this article. If you come upon your burglar absorbed in his work and are in no danger yourself, make a good job of it. Shoot to kill. But be sure you do not miss him. He would kill you without a qualm, my friend.

THE END

Turn 'Em Out WILD

By E. C. LINCOLN

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Horses, steers, bulls — they ride them all bareback. Here's Red Sublett, a famous daredevil, atop a bucking steer.

THE author is an elongated New Englander, who went West fifteen years ago and took up a homestead in the Judith Basin region of Montana. Mr. Lincoln became interested in the cattle business and for the last ten years has made a hobby of the lore of the range, its sport and pastimes. At present he is associate professor of English at the State College of Washington. He has written two volumes of poetry, Rhymes of a Homesteader (1920) and The Ranch (1924). These verses have won distinction for him throughout the country as well as "back home," where the folks call him the "James Whitcomb Riley of the West."

"FIRST rider, Bill Peters of Whitefish, Montana, on Bootlegger. Watch Chute Number One!" Thus bawls the announcer through his huge green megaphone.

High above the ground Bill Peters straddles the narrow pen of doubly braced two-by-eights, waiting to ease himself into the saddle when the kicking, squealing Bootlegger subsides a bit. A red-faced arena judge ambles up.

"Hey, there, cowboy! Git on that hawse an' ride—if you ain't scared of him. Want we should git you somethin' that'll eat sugar?"

Bill grins. Tentatively he lowers himself, his weight resting on stiff arms lest a sudden plunge make trouble. He slides his feet deep into the ring stirrups, takes his hat in his right hand, catches the halter rope, and sets spurs well forward in the shoulders.

"Let 'er buck!"

The narrow gate flies open, the side walls swing back against the grand stand, and a squalling, grunting, end-swapping, dust-raising cyclone in gray horsehide shoots out into the arena. Bill, precariously astride the storm, his pink shirt and blond head snapping in unison with every plunge, scratches furiously while he swings the big white hat in ostentatious defiance.

Twenty seconds later a shrill whistle blows. Bootlegger settles down to a reaching lope, which continues until an arena helper rides alongside and brings him to a standstill. Bill slips across the rump of the helper's horse and drops to the ground. He unsaddles, keeping a wary eye out for flying heels, swings his thirty pound hull (saddle) to his shoulder, and waddles back across the enclosure to the music of faint handclapping from the stands.

"Turn 'em out wild!" The first—or third—or tenth annual Roundup, Rodeo, Stampede, or Frontier Day, is on.

The roundup is at its best, most thoroughly at home, on the edges of the remaining bits of cowland, in such towns as Cheyenne, Pendleton, Bozeman, San Jose, Salinas; but it flourishes throughout the entire West much as the county fair flourished in New England thirty years ago. For weeks previous to the event, flying squadrons of motorists cover the highways and byways within a radius of a hundred miles. Cowboy quartets, cowgirl boosters, Kiwanians and Rotarians turned puncher for the time being crowd into their cars with a set of steer horns lashed to the radiator cap and go out to tell the world it's wild.

Night before! The one-street business section is alive with a crowd which strikes twelve for color and variety. All ages, all conditions, a dozen races. Bright-shawled squaws patter along in beaded moccasins; tourists wander pop-eyed, loath to leave the excitement; concession men ballyhoo the unwary dime; "wild" shirts by the hundred, movies doing a capacity business. Everybody happy? Gosh, yes!

COMES the afternoon, and the bucking contest is on. Around the arena, but inside the race track, are the saddling chutes, each flanked by two corrals in which the stock—horses and cattle—is held in readiness. The thousands in the stand forget Bill Peters and edge forward in their seats to watch Chute Number Two.

The success of the bucking contest depends on two things: the quality of the buckers and their number. Riders are plentiful, but a shaggy, Roman-nosed "snake" with the disposition of a cornered badger and a reputation for real man-killing devilment, is worth money to his owner. The management pays liberally for his services.

The contestants themselves run pretty close to type. Each and every one of them began to ride when his fat little legs stuck straight out on the broad back of old Molly, or Joe, or Blackie, and he has been averaging ten miles a day in the saddle ever since. He is young, somewhere in the twenties usually. After thirty, even if he has escaped all crippling accidents, his back becomes a bit too rigid to sway easily with the movements of a pitching

Feathered Tribesmen, Purple Shirts, Bucking Bronchos, Plunging Steers—It's the Most Exciting American Institution: the Roundup. Let 'Er Buck!

horse; he relies more on leg grip than balance, and his days as a contest rider are over.

If you want to know where he got his real training in competition, watch the bareback events: horses, steers, and bulls. Here you find the neophytes, boys of sixteen or eighteen. It is the roughest sort of riding, and it hurts, but strength, nerve, and balance are about all the rider needs.

To the teens, or at least to the early twenties, belongs also the comparative newcomer among cowboy games, bulldogging. Here is the way it is worked: Penned in a corral at one end of the arena is your steer, a long bodied, rangy animal with muscles of India rubber and steel. Pick out your fastest horse. Pull up beside the corral chute, keeping your right eye on the steer and your left on the white dead line, twenty yards off. As Old Spot comes through swing in behind him. As you come up on the nigh side bend forward and low to the right, seize the steer by the horns, throw your feet high in the air in a dive that will clear your horse, drop lightly to the ground, and dig in your heels.

When the animal comes to a stop spit out all dirt and gravel, shift your hold to a headlock by grasping the jaw with the right hand, and twist until you can get a fresh grip under the head, right hand on the nigh horn, left on the off. Give him all you've got, making your weight count. He will eventually fall toward you with his head comfortably across your stomach as you lie on your back. If you have done all this in five seconds you have tied the world's record.

THE roundup crowd comes to be thrilled, of course, but whether it knows it or not it comes also to laugh. Some of the laughs are spontaneous, the tribute offered any rider who meets with mishap. One might think a contestant whose fall shakes the very earth would earn the sympathy of the stands. Nothing like it. In the words of the jovial manager as he helped a limping cowboy into the doctor's car, "Hell! we pay you kids to be *tough*."

But welcome as are these gratuitous events, the management knows enough to play safe. To this end clowns and comedy contests are provided.

The roundup clown, even if his costume differs, is a worthy cousin to the specialist of the "big top." His nerve must be absolute, his riding superlative. He must be able to stand nonchalantly puffing on his long cheroot while a charging steer tears the red umbrella from his hand; he must smile with enjoyment as he crosses the arena in giant strides, hanging to the tail of the enraged animal; he must be willing to ride forward or backward, with a brother clown if necessary, any horse, steer, bull, cow, or pony in the whole bad lot. And he must be willing to take his bumps in the interests of art.

Of the many comedy contests a new game, wild cow milking, has gained much popularity with everybody but the competitors. A herd fresh from the range, Galloways which have never contributed to the foaming pail and never intend to do so, are separated from their progeny five or six hours before the fray. At one end of the arena wait the mounted contestants, each with an empty pop bottle tucked into the front of his shirt and his trusty rope swinging free in his hand. At the starting gun they come racing down upon the startled herd, which promptly and unanimously disperses at full speed. Loops shoot out hissing, and the lucky rider who catches an animal sets up a lusty shout for his helper to come a-runnin'.

Now the real fun begins. In a melee of kicking cows, plunging horses, and crossed ropes the milkers do their agile best. Even barring accidents, with range stock of this type it may be necessary to catch a second cow in order to fill that half pint bottle. It is a lucky milker who can present his full measure to the judges within five minutes.

YOU are tenderfoot to the fine points of these technical competitions? Then you should be more appreciative than even the local resident of the barbaric splendor incident to the Indian spectacle. The man, Easterner or Westerner, who cannot thrill to the sight of three or four hundred mounted tribesmen in full regalia as they ride in review before the stands has something the matter inside which needs attention.

The gathering fairly seethes with brilliant color; white tanned buckskin, red blankets, blue and yellow bead work, thousands of tossing eagle feathers; and withal comes a steady tinkling and chiming, as of myriads of little silver temple bells, from bit chains and clashing sequins. Whole vests and coats of elks' teeth are there, necklaces of grizzly claws, saddle blankets rich as a medieval king's.

The ceremonial regalia of the Nez Perces, who make their appearance each year at Lewiston, Idaho, is said to be worth something over a half million, and even the most captious observer is willing to credit that figure.

If you are still hard to satisfy and crave action, there are the races. Then the crowd becomes partisan and yells its head off for Sam and Eddie and Rusty. Maybe you will hear your waitress remark tonight, "Say, I win five on Jake today. Gosh, can't that little Muddy-hawse of his *travel!*" and for just a minute you will be back in the yelling, and the dust, and the peanut shells, and the joy.

And now, when the long blue shadows begin to creep out from the coulees and the sun just edges down behind the clouds which veil the crest of the range, the younger riders congregate again in front of the stands for the final stunt of the afternoon, the wild-horse race, a culminating quintessence of wildness for a wild day. A score of unbroken three-year-olds—pretty youngsters, most of them—are blindfolded and led out on the track. At the head of each crouches or swings one lone helper whose duty it is to hold the kicking, dancing brute until the contestant has saddled and mounted. Only a halter rope by which to guide your mount, and "saddles on the ground," before you start.

At the gun the pleasure begins. Saddles are caught up and thrown upon sweating backs, only to be as promptly kicked off. Riderless bronchos tear in and out through the ferment. Helpers grow earnestly profane. And out of the dust it is just possible that eventually one or two of the contestants may succeed in hazing their mounts entirely around the half-mile track. The rest pick themselves up with sheepish grins and limp out of the way as best they can.

And that's that, until tomorrow.

"Turn 'em out wild! Hook 'em, cow! Let 'er buck!"

THE END

Kid McCroy, a famous figure at the roundups, performs in midair.

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"I arrest you on the charge of the murder of Stephen Lane."

Pictures by
BENTON
H. CLARK

The ALIBI

LAURA NORTON was the acknowledged belle of Castleton, and had choice of a dozen suitors when Stephen Lane came to the town and became the thirteenth. Allaway-Weston predicted that she would marry Lane and that he would abuse her afterward.

"For the same reason in both cases," he added. "He's an unspeakable brute. That sort of woman always marries that sort of man."

Laura's sort was the shy, pretty, clinging-ivy girl, a distinct anachronism nowadays. Lane was also an anachronism, a man of the old pirate type; but that sort is not so nearly extinct as the other.

Other people did not see through Lane's cloak of bluff heartiness as Allaway-Weston did. Laura and her widowed mother took Lane at mask value; and a few months after his arrival in Castleton he led Laura up the aisle of St. Mildred's, with the organ playing the Bridal Chorus.

The old verger declared Laura looked the sweetest bride since her mother; but he was speaking to two gentlemen from whom the remark was likely to extract a tip (and did). One was "Big" Jackson, the captain of the Castleton cricket and field teams and the best boxer in Dunshire; a good-looking, well-disposed but rather slow-minded young Hercules.

The other was little Lawyer Stenning, a middle-aged, cautious-minded man whose stock advice was "Avoid litigation." Laura might have had either of them, and everyone had thought that she "fancied" big Fred Jackson until Lane appeared on the scene.

Lane did not fulfill the second part of Allaway-Weston's prophecy for a time. Beating was quite unnecessary to subdue the girl. But he domineered over her, even publicly; and privately he twice shook the poor little creature until her teeth chattered.

Laura soon lost her pretty, ready laugh; sprang at her husband's command; started nervously whenever he spoke. People remarked that "Allaway-Weston wasn't far out." Jackson said it to Stenning. An ill-assorted comradeship had sprung up between them since their common misfortune.

"Some of these days," Jackson observed, "I shall knock him down for speaking to her as he does."

The little lawyer laid his hand upon his companion's arm.

"Couldn't you do it for something else?" he suggested softly.

"Ah-h-h!" said Jackson. "That's a tip. Keep her out of it, eh? . . . You're right, Stenning. He'll give me a chance before long. Of-

By OWEN OLIVER

A Tale of Love, Self-Sacrifice, and a Mystery Out of the Night

fensive bounder! I'll keep out of any unpleasantness when she's there."

But at the Allaway-Weston evening-at-home Jackson didn't keep out of it.

Lane had "taken more than was good for him" and had "turned upon" his wife for pleading piteously with him to go home. A dozen heard him swear at her and call her a vile name. But they disagreed as to whether he struck her, or pushed her, or only attempted to do one or the other. Probably Allaway-Weston's account was correct. He was an observant man and very exact in his statements.

"I had just reached them," he said. "I was going to add a very inhospitable and very blunt persuasion to hers. Lane attempted to push her, but I turned his arm aside. She screamed and jumped. He rushed after her, and, before I could grab the brute, Jackson went for him. I didn't 'specially hurry to pull off old Jacker!"

There was no doubt as to what Jackson said after they dragged him from Lane (who was considerably damaged). He repeated his remark when he was putting his tie straight.

"Some of these days," he said, "if you don't mind, I shall kill you."

The guests in general approved of Jackson's intervention; said that he had done quite right; hoped that the hiding had "taught the drunken brute a lesson"; but little Lawyer Stenning got hold of Jackson the next day and told him that he had behaved like a fool.

"He'll make it an excuse to say that there's something between you and her," Stenning declared, "and round on her for that. Still, since you thrashed him, I am glad that you did it well. Ha, ha! You did it well!" He rubbed his hand. "I am only sorry that you threatened to kill him, and especially sorry that you repeated the threat deliberately."

"If he goes on ill-using her," Jackson growled, "I'm not sure that I shan't come to it. I'd be hanged any day for little Laura."

"Don't be a fool," Stenning snapped. "What good would that do her? You're the man she ought to have married; would have, if that cursed blackguard hadn't come here; would now, if anything happened to him. I wish to God you *could* marry her."

"You wish that!" Jackson gasped. "Why, I always thought you wanted to marry the girl yourself!"

"I did," Stenning said slowly. "Do! . . . That's why! Why, I want her to have whoever would make her happiest. That's you. But, as to murdering Lane—it wouldn't be murder, but that's what they'd call it—I am a peaceful, phlegmatic, law-abiding man. Mur—call it execution—isn't in my line. And *if* I contemplated it, I shouldn't be such a cast iron idiot as to talk about it! You have done that. You've furnished ground for suspicion—evidence of motive and intention. Therefore, you will certainly hang if you kill him. They couldn't make it manslaughter."

"I DON'T suppose anyone else took me so literally as you seem to," Jackson said, rather sulkily. "I suppose I was rather talking through my hat. I might strike the devil an unlucky blow when my blood was up; but I shouldn't lay out to murder him in cold blood."

"Well, if ever your hot blood *should* boil over," the little lawyer answered, "I want you to understand that I am your friend; would help you to the utmost of my power. But don't let it boil over, Jackson. Try to keep your mind off the poor little girl and her sufferings."

"How the devil can I?"

"By going away. While you are here you can't help showing your feelings. I don't wonder. Sometimes, when *I* think of little Laura, ill-treated and frightened by the fear of ill-treatment—— That's worse. A blow comes only once in a while. Fear is always with you. . . . Whenever that brute walks near her, she looks like a mouse in a trap when they bring the cat!"

"For heaven's sake, stop!" Jackson groaned. "You'll work me up 'til—— Are you playing me up to do it, Stenning?"

"No, no! It is on my nerves, Jackson—on my nerves. What is on top of the mind steps out. You wouldn't do it, unless—— If you stay here, things will keep coming to your ears. I heard this morning that the servants have

[CONTINUED ON PAGE NINETEEN]

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Age.....Occupation.....

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17]

seen bruises on her poor little shoulders. I was afraid that when you heard this you might do something rash. You *mustn't*, Jackson. If ever Providence puts him out of the way, she'll want you—unhanged!"

"You assume that she likes me," Jackson said.

"I have eyes, my boy—eyes. . . . I was talking to her mother this morning. Mrs. Norton remarked that Laura ought to have married *you;* that you'd have fussed her, and praised her funny little ways, and have made her as vain as a little peacock—and all that."

"Ah-h!" Jackson groaned. "I would have!"

He turned away to the window and blinked at the street.

"She was only fascinated by Lane, her mother declared; couldn't fly away from him any more than a bird from a snake. But, in her heart, the one man was *you!*"

"Stenning," Jackson groaned, "you'll drive me mad. It wouldn't be murder to kill that swine, but—it isn't the fear of hanging that would stop me if I could settle him in a fair fight; but to stab him in the back, or poison him, in some sneaky way—I wouldn't do that, Stenning."

"I thought you wouldn't. I thought you wouldn't! . . . You could do it safely. Hear me talking! As if we were coolly discussing an assassination! We won't waste any more time on gossip. After all, she has her legal remedy if he ill-treats her. It's her own doing. . . . But when I think of the fuss she used to make over a cut finger—anyone else's as much as her own—and the way she used to laugh at nothing——"

Jackson rushed from Stenning's house into the street.

II.

A WEEK later there was a report that Mrs. Lane had interfered when her husband was whipping the dog and that Lane had turned on her. He had struck the cook, too, when she ran in. The cook had left, people said, and was going to take out a summons against him.

Upon the evening of the day when the story had gone around Castleton, at 8:15 by the clock on the mantelshelf, Stenning sat at the desk in his study staring very hard at nothing. The door opened quietly and Jackson slipped in. He was rather pale and trembled a little. Stenning stared at his appearance.

"I thought you were a hundred miles away," he remarked.

Jackson spoke as if he had not heard.

"Stenning," he said, "you told me once that if ever I was likely to be in trouble over Laura I could rely on you. Well, it's likely now. . . . They've found him dead in Castle Wood; knocked over the head with some sort of club.

"I cannot marry a man who is suspected of killing my husband. A man whom I suspect, though it isn't likely that I would give you away. . . . You did it! You did it!"

they say. I heard two men talking about it. I was behind the hedge, and they were in the road."

"Where?" Stenning asked, breathing heavily and fiddling with a paperweight.

"This edge of the wood, just by the two elms. He was found on the other side, about eight o'clock. Is your clock right?"

"Quite right. . . . I'm the sort of man who keeps his clocks right. Ha, ha! . . . Did anybody see you then? Or on your way here?"

"Not so far as I know. It's pretty dark. I climbed the fence—didn't want to break the hedge—crossed the road, came in your back garden, and entered through the dining room window. It was unlatched, and I pushed it up; thought I'd better not knock. Your housekeeper didn't seem to hear. She's pretty deaf, isn't she?"

"Pretty deaf. . . . Oh, yes! Pretty deaf. If you weren't *seen,* you are all right. . . . What is the time? Just 8:18. You came in at eight o'clock precisely. I am prepared to swear it."

"But suppose he was killed before eight?"

"You were here five minutes before whatever the time was. You came by appointment, to play chess. . . . We'd better get out the board and the men. . . . Help me with the table. . . . Take that chair. Set up the pieces, Jackson; set up the pieces. . . . Let's have some whisky in our glasses. Start a game, Jackson. . . . Play quickly, man, 'til we get some sort of position that we might come to after a long tussle. . . . Tut tut! That move's no good. I'll move for you. . . . There's a position to justify thinking about. We'll leave it at that for the present. . . . It was unfortunate that you *said* you were going to kill him."

"That's why I funk," Jackson said. "Other-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

MR. EDGAR SELWYN, noted playwright and producer acted as his own decorator in planning every detail of his beautiful home atop one of New York's finest apartment houses. It is interesting to know that Mr. Selwyn chose Quaker Net for every window in the master rooms of the apartment, as well as for the sunroom on the roof.

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FROM a New York apartment a view is as important as from a country house. That is precisely why, for his attractive New York apartment, Mr. Selwyn chose Quaker Shantung Net. Its soft transparency preserves the priceless view over the city, at the same time securing that perfect privacy which is imperative in apartment dwellings. The result—*view plus privacy*—is a real achievement in curtaining.

The use of Quaker Net in the Selwyn apartment is simply another illustration of the fact that no matter where you live, nor what your curtain problem, if it includes a view, a decorative scheme, or both, Quaker is the correct and satisfactory answer.

The name "Quaker" on a curtain or net is a quality index like the karat mark in solid gold.

THE photo above shows a corner of one of the bedrooms in the Selwyn apartment where Quaker Radiant Silk Lace is used with excellent effect. Radiant Silk Lace is also transparent, though just enough heavier than Shantung Net to be particularly suitable here. The delicately traced pattern gives character and personality to the window scheme and strikes a harmonizing note with the color overdrapes.

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Decorators' Methods in Window Curtaining, a booklet by Philip H. Pratt, Head of Interior Decoration, Pratt Institute, will be mailed to you on request.

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE NINETEEN]

wise—— I say, Stenning, do you realize that I didn't do it?"

"Didn't do it? . . . Light a cigarette, man. Remember that you've got to be astounded if anyone drops in with the news. Someone might. . . . Of *course* you didn't do it. You were here at—at the very time that he was last seen, going into the wood. He'd be going to The Chequers—goes there every night, the swilling swine—at about a quarter to eight. He'd go in by the Baxter Road gate, and be noticed by the lodgekeeper. . . . You were here before whenever it was. At what time did you go in? And where? Did anyone see you?"

"ABOUT 7:40. Baxter Road entrance. I'd just come home by train. I spoke to the lodgekeeper. I heard a quarter of eight strike at the church soon afterward."

"The lodgekeeper saw you at 7:40, eh? Then, that's the time you went in. You came straight here and arrived just before 7:50—a few minutes late. The appointment was 7:45."

"Yes, yes! That's the story. But I *was* in the wood till about 8:15; along the edge till 8:10. That was where I heard about it. . . . Stenning, do you understand that I *didn't* do it?"

"Of course not! Of course not! I'll swear you were here from 7:50. It's no use saying an earlier time. . . . What did you go to the wood for?"

"I was coming on to you. I met Williams in the train. He got in at the junction and told me about the fresh troubles at the Lanes'."

"Umph! That's unfortunate! Did you say anything about Lane?"

"I said several things. . . . I may as well own it. I said that killing was not murder in a case like that. I see *now* the sense of your advice. . . ."

"Now's a bit late!"

"Who the devil can have done it? . . . I didn't, Stenning."

"Of course not. . . . Concentrate on your game. . . . There's the bell—and the knocker. I am afraid it's the police. Keep up your nerve, and reserve your defense. Just say that you are not guilty. . . . Mrs. Smith hasn't heard, I suppose. I'll go to them."

Stenning went to the front door and found two policemen there.

"Sorry to trouble you, sir," the sergeant said, "but have you seen anything of Mr. Jackson—Mr. Frederick Jackson, the younger?"

"He's here," Mr. Stenning said. "We've been playing chess for the last hour—no, three-quarters of an hour, to be exact. What about it?"

"We want him, sir. There's been a very unfortunate affair. Looks like murder. . . ."

Mr. Stenning led the men along the passage.

"Jackson," he said, "of course, there's some mistake, but they think they've something against you. Take the advice of an old lawyer, and say nothing now."

"Frederick Jackson," the police sergeant said, "I arrest you on the charge of the murder of Stephen Lane. Anything you say is liable to be used in evidence against you."

"She hasn't wasted much time in going to the police," Jackson groaned.

"Say nothing, old man," Stenning counseled; "nothing beyond a denial."

"The charge is untrue," Jackson stated, "and absurd."

When the police had gone, Stenning rang for his deaf housekeeper.

"Mrs. Smith,' he said with apparent irritation, "you really are getting very hard of hearing. I had to answer the bell just now; and some time before that I had to go to the door to let in Mr. Jackson. It is particularly unfortunate that you did not hear upon the first occasion. Mr. Lane has been found dead, and Mr. Jackson is accused—no doubt unjustly—of having had a hand in it. If you had let him in, you would have been able to corroborate my evidence as to the time of his arrival here, if any question arises about that."

"I can always hear the bell, sir," the housekeeper asserted. "I went out till eight, with your permission, to see my sister; but I was in five minutes before the time—five minutes to eight by the kitchen clock, which is never half a second out—and that I'll swear."

"Ah!" said Mr. Stenning. "Yes. He came before then. You may have to give evidence that he must have arrived before five to eight. That is all you can say. The exact time of Mr. Jackson's arrival—but *you* can only swear it must have been before five to eight—is not likely to be of real importance."

THE judge, however, thought the time of Jackson's arrival to be of supreme importance, as will be seen from the conclusion of his summing-up. It would be presumption to attempt to improve upon the final summary of the learned and fair-minded Mr. Justice Portland, which was as follows:

"You will remember, gentlemen of the jury, that the whole case turns upon a point of time. The circumstantial evidence against the prisoner is so strong that, unless he establishes an alibi, his learned counsel can make no stronger plea than that you should give him the benefit of the doubt.

"The evidence against the prisoner, which the defense has not impugned directly, only countered by an alibi, is, in brief, as follows:

"The prisoner was a suitor of Mrs. Lane before her marriage.

"Her husband ill-used her, terrorized her, once or twice struck her. In particular, he behaved very badly toward her at a certain social function. He had no justification whatever. It was sheer brutality. The prisoner publicly thrashed him on this occasion. . . .

"Upon the occasion in question, the prisoner used a threat; repeated it a second time: 'If you don't mind, some day I shall kill you.'

"There is unchallenged evidence that subsequently the prisoner showed great resentment against the deceased man.

"Such is the circumstantial evidence as to motive and intention. We now come to the circumstantial evidence as to facts.

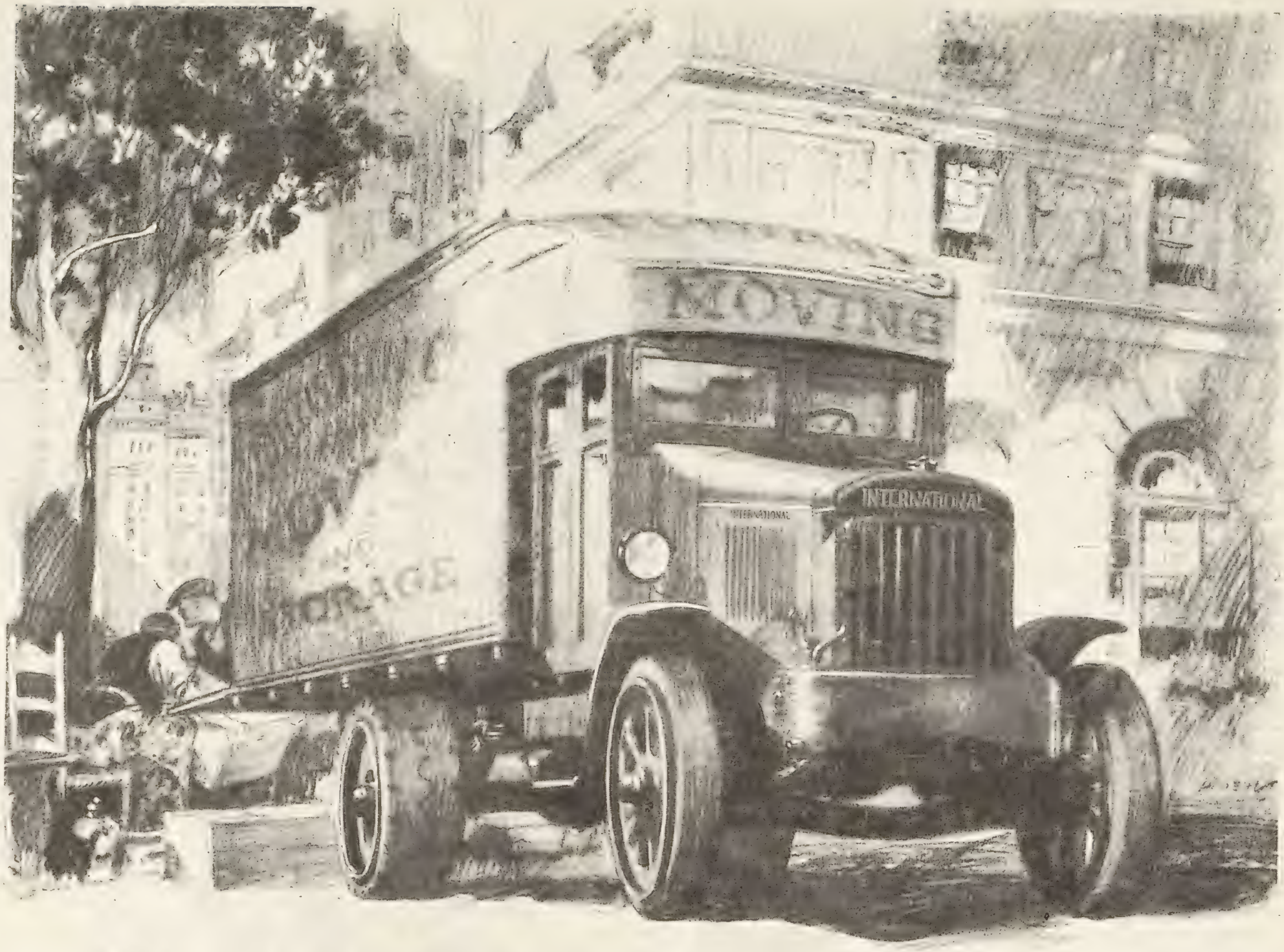
"Some time after seven o'clock, in the train, the prisoner heard that Lane had again ill-treated his wife. He remarked that to kill Lane would not be murder.

"The accused entered the wood, where the deceased met with his end, at 7:40.

"The deceased entered the wood at 7:50. It would take him some minutes to reach the spot where the body was found.

"He was found dead 'just before eight

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-THREE]



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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

o'clock'—'after 7:55'—'a minute to the hour.' Let us say 7:59.

"The defense has not suggested any other person who was likely to have killed the deceased, or who had any motive to do so. We must presume that the defense has searched diligently for such evidence—and it has not been found.

"So much for the circumstantial evidence. Now we come to the alibi. There is evidence which you must evaluate, that the prisoner was elsewhere between, say, 7:50 and 7:59, so that he could not have killed the deceased.

"Mr. Stenning—a member of the legal profession, whose standing and integrity have not been impugned—states that Jackson arrived at his house, which, even to one running, is five minutes' distance from the spot where the dead man was found, at, or just before, 7:50; a few minutes late for an appointment to play chess—which he and Jackson were doing, when the latter was apprehended. Mr. Stenning appreciates the necessity of exactitude, and he says he is positive about the time, as he had an eye on the clock, wanting to begin his game.

"We have some corroboration of this evidence. Mr. Stenning's housekeeper was out. So Mr. Stenning had to answer the door. She is certain that she returned not later than 7:55, so that Jackson must have arrived before then. If he did it is practically certain that he did not kill Lane. If he arrived by 7:50 he clearly could not have done so.

"Either there is a flaw in the strong circumstantial evidence upon which the prosecution bases its case—such as murder by some person unknown, and of whose existence or enmity we have no hint—or a mistake (I suggest nothing worse) has been made as to a few minutes of time by the witnesses for the defense. It is for you to judge which of these things is the more likely."

When the jury retired to deliberate few of those in court felt much doubt as to the verdict, or expected the jury to take long to arrive at its conclusion.

After the men had deliberated for a couple of hours they returned a verdict of "not guilty." The judge discharged the prisoner.

III.

LAURA declared to the world—declared stoutly and unflinchingly—that she believed Jackson innocent; but she said otherwise to him.

"I cannot marry a man who is suspected of killing my husband," she said. "A man whom I suspect, though it isn't likely that I would give you away to other people. . . . You did it. You did it!"

"Laura, I give you my word of honor that I didn't."

"Fred, it's no use talking. You're bound to say you didn't; especially to me. Oh! I wish I'd never been born!"

"Stenning proved that I couldn't have done it, Laura; proved an alibi."

"Oh, that's only a word; an excuse to let you off. I prayed that they would accept the alibi. They did; but nobody believed it, only pretended to. How could you? How could you?"

"I didn't . . . I swear I didn't . . . Laura, if a jury of strangers could give me the benefit of the doubt, can't you? . . . You don't care for me, or else, when I am in trouble——"

"Don't say it! Don't say it! I do care for you. You know I do. . . . I ache to help you; but I can't marry the man who—who—Oh, please, please go! . . . Don't touch me with the hand that—Oh-h-h-h!"

She screamed, and her mother came in and drove Jackson away.

"Don't kill her, too," she said, fiercely.

Jackson went from the Nortons' home round to Stenning's office; told him that there was no justice in earth or Heaven or hell, that he was going abroad, and he'd manage to run into fever or something.

"It's the injustice of it," he cried, "the damnable injustice. I thought that Laura would stick to me, and then I'd have faced it through. Well, she doesn't; nobody does except you. . . . I hope you'll get her, Stenning. I think you will. . . . You'll be good to her?"

"I should be good to her," Stenning said; "but I can't make her happy, as you could. I thought, when I proved the alibi, she'd believe it, and marry you. . . ."

"Well, she won't. I can't blame her. . . . Shouldn't, if I could. . . . She believes I killed her husband, and—Stenning, tell me the truth, do *you?*"

Stenning did not answer for some time. Then he was noncommittal.

"It wasn't murder. . . . The girl's life is ruined unless I can convince her about the alibi. She wants you; always will want you. There's no turning a soft woman in the one thing that she's set hard on. I shall go and speak to her mother and see what I can do. You go off to town as you arranged. I'll run up and tell you the result."

MRS. NORTON refused to listen to Stenning's argument that he had established an alibi and proved Jackson's innocence.

"The alibi," she said, "is between your conscience and you. He wasn't with you when the murder—oh! it's no use, your trying to call it anything else—was committed. The girl *can't* marry Frederick Jackson—God forgive him! Heaven knows she needs a husband; someone strong to cling to through this awful time. She'd soon grow fond of him. . . . Let's face it. You love my poor girl, and she thinks the world of you; not quite in the way you want, but . . . She'll be miserable 'til she gets him out of her mind; and the only way to do it is to put someone else in. . . . If you went to her *and offered to marry her and take her right away*——"

"It is Jackson she wants," Stenning said, "not me."

"She can't have Jackson," Mrs. Norton said; "and she can have you; will, if you wish."

"Laura," Stenning said, a few moments later, "I want to do anything which is for your happiness. . . . Will you first answer a plain question? Answer it candidly? How much do you care for Frederick Jackson?"

"I think I like him rather a lot," the girl said. "I think I always did. . . . Lane fascinated me—seemed to mesmerize me—made me feel as if I couldn't say no to him. It was really Fred that I . . . I've got to get over it. . . Perhaps, if anyone helped me——?"

"Can anyone else make you as happy as you once hoped to be with your husband? Say, with——"

"Don't say it. Don't say it! . . . I can never be what I hoped to be. . . . I've got to make the best I can of life without him. I *won't* marry the man who mur—killed my—the man I was miserably married to. He did, Mr. Stenning. Everybody knows it. He *did!*"

"He did not, Laura," Stenning said. "*I did!*"

Laura said nothing to Stenning's confession; just fainted. He fetched her mother, and when Laura had come to and lay silent but keen-eyed upon the sofa, Stenning repeated the confession to the two of them; gave them some details in a detached, rather stunned way.

"I knew that Jackson was away," he said, "and had no idea that he would return. I meant to avoid any suspicion falling on him, for Laura's sake. . . . For Laura's sake. . . . I expected that she would marry him afterward. . . . Unfortunately, he returned just at that time. Very unfortunate. . . . I thought that if I could convince the court with an alibi it would convince Laura. As it hasn't, I have to confess to clear him to her."

"You will have to clear him to the world!" Mrs. Norton cried. "We will give you time to escape—you will go abroad, of course; take another name—but you must send a confession."

"Of course," Stenning agreed. "I have made my arrangements. I leave here tonight. I will not ask either of you to shake hands."

Stenning looked at them as if he hoped they would offer to do so; but the girl shrank from him into the extreme corner of the sofa. Her mother stood back to leave him a clear pathway to the door. He walked slowly to it; turned there.

"God bless you, Laura," he said.

Laura only shrieked.

"God forgive you," said her mother.

Jackson said nothing while Stenning told him what he had done that afternoon; nodded when he said, "I ask for your word of honor to be good to Laura," glanced at the confession, laid it on the table, choked a little, and wiped his forehead.

"After all," he said at last, "you only did what *I* ought to have done."

"What!" Stenning screamed. "*You didn't do it?*"

"I——? Good God, no! Didn't *you?*"

"I did not," said Stenning.

Jackson tore the confession into small pieces and put the bits on the fire.

"There goes your death warrant," he said. "I won't have Laura at that price. . . . Let's go to the blessed detectives and ask them to search until they find the man who did it."

"Suppose," Stenning said, "it was a woman that we drove them to trace it to—someone who had a motive—and perhaps couldn't prove an alibi?"

"Then," Jackson said, white-faced and shivering, "let's go abroad together. . . . Anywhere. . . . To hell!"

PRESENTLY they walked out into the streets together. At the first corner they saw a man with evening papers and a placard:

CASTLETON MURDER!
SENSATIONAL CONFESSION

Stenning bought a paper. They took it under a lamp-post.

"She hasn't wasted much time in going to the police," Jackson groaned, "with the confession."

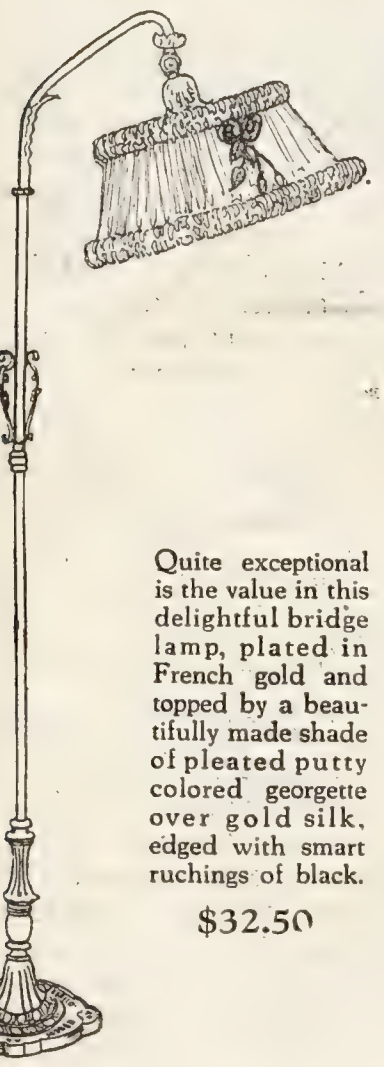
"Pray God," Stenning said, "it's mine, not her own!"

"Laura couldn't do it," Jackson declared. "She's a frightened mouse. . . . But her mother . . . Find the place, man. . . . There it is . . . 'Murderer's Confession.' . . ."

The confession was not that of Stenning or of anyone whom they knew. It was the deathbed story of a man whom Lane had wronged, got in his power, cruelly harassed for money. He was in court during the trial, he mentioned, intending to go forward and confess if Jackson was convicted. He confessed now not from remorse, or from fear of his soul, but because he found that nobody believed in Jackson's alibi, and death would soon establish one for *him.*

THE END

ALMCO LAMPS



Quite exceptional is the value in this delightful bridge lamp, plated in French gold and topped by a beautifully made shade of pleated putty colored georgette over gold silk, edged with smart ruchings of black.

$32.50

Quaint Dresden figures, mounted in gold-plated metal, form the base of this beautiful lamp. The shade is of gold cloth, with prim pleated ruffles of antique gold lace and handmade flowers.

A lovely symphony in peach and gold tones is the bridge lamp with metal standard, plated in French gold and peach color, mounted on a Yavapai onyx base and twined with Dresden flowers. The color scheme is completed by a shade of peach taffeta over gold silk, edged with shaded brown grosgrain and green velvet ribbons and finished with silk floral sprays.

Introducing a new Lamp fashion

From the Almco Studios, where a large proportion of the authentic lamp fashions has originated in recent years, comes the announcement of a new type of lamp—the metal base with a plated finish simulating antique or bright gold, silver, French bronze, English brass, Swedish iron or other effects. With this handsome finish are combined ornaments of Yavapai onyx or Dresden china or delicate vases of etched or colored glass. Like all Almco Lamps, each of these lovely new creations is designed as a complete unit, with base, shade and all details of line, color, trimming and finish in entire accord.

Would you like to see these charming lamps? Ask for them in any of the better stores. Dealers will gladly show you all the smart new styles, with the beauty of workmanship and artistry of design that have made Almco Lamps known the country over as "America's most beautiful lamps." You can identify Almco Lamps by the Almco tag or label on base or shade. Write for our free booklet, "What Good Taste Decrees in Lamps."

If you contemplate visiting New York or Chicago, ask your dealer for a letter of introduction to our beautiful show rooms.

A slim vase of pink Yavapai onyx mounted in plated gold on an onyx base forms this charming lamp. Terra cotta taffeta over marigold silk and heavy antique medallions are used for the shade.

Pink Yavapai onyx, mounted in gold-plated metal, is used in the base and shaft of this handsome lamp. The shade is of pleated rose gold cloth over rose silk, edged with turquoise velvet ribbon, and stunning floral motifs on puffing of gold cloth.

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Why Don't *You* Want *Your* Bonus?

Sounds Funny, but It's True—About One and a Half Million Ex-Service Men Have Something Coming, but Won't Even Step Up and Take It!

By RICHARD ADAMS

THERE are about one and a half million American veterans of the World War who have not applied for the insurance policies or cash which Congress voted as a bonus for work well done. According to Major General Robert C. Davis, Adjutant General of the United States Army, in charge of distributing this so-called adjusted compensation, there are four million fifty-one thousand six hundred and six ex-service men who performed actual military and naval service.

General Davis would like to complete the job as soon as possible, and laments that men entitled to the bonus do not show greater alacrity in applying for it. The vast majority of these laggards are guilty of nothing more than procrastination. They just haven't got around to applying. The truth seems to be that there are only a few who will not accept it because they cannot approve of the bonus idea.

As a matter of fact only sixty-four veterans have notified the government that they will not accept. A brief survey of the letters received by General Davis explains the others.

For example, a father writes that his son "got peeved at the army" and therefore will not make out his application.

"Please send me the blank and I'll see that he changes his mind," writes the father.

A woman writes that her husband has not applied and probably won't unless General Davis sends him "a special letter."

"That will wake him up," she says. "I can't, and God knows he needs the money."

A veteran who has since become a British subject tells General Davis that he has postponed applying because he wasn't sure he was entitled to a bonus now that he is a subject of King George.

"I don't want no money," reads another letter. "I can take care of myself. But I'm building a house to live in, and if you want to help me you can send me some lumber. If you can't send it right away, keep it. I need lumber right away."

"Don't send me an insurance policy," writes a lad in Michigan. "Don't want no insurance. I want the cash. Maybe you think I'm foolish for asking for cash. Maybe I am foolish. I was born on the first of April. Maybe I am a fool and I will die a fool; but I need cash, all the same."

And there is a letter from a woman who located her missing husband through his application for adjusted compensation. She says that the family is now reunited and that it needs all the money it can get to resume housekeeping.

"If you hurry up with it," she writes, "maybe he will stay home."

From somewhere in Oregon comes a letter which begins thus:

"A stranger was telling me that the government was giving a bonus. Since when has this been going on? Anyway, send me mine right away."

From far down in Mississippi a negro veteran requests information about "this here shoulder bones I ain't got yet"; and a tailor in Arkansas writes:

"I am asking you all for some equitment to work with at night, if you please. I want a yard stick and a corner stick and a pair of butonhold shirs and a pair of cuttin shirs and a square and on your card I got from you all it sais what I have ask for is pass in your office. Was I to get a compensation from you all? If I could get just enuf to pay my board and bair my little expinses that will be enuf for me until schuch is out please help me that much I will be thankful for that much. Please do that for me so this is all and send at once."

A veteran writes in, saying he would like a bonus but has no complaint to make if he doesn't get it because "I was in Germany three years and had a hell of a good time."

These are but a few of the hundreds of thousands of letters the bureau has received. They leave nothing of life to the imagination.

THE END

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Women Who Fascinate Men

A Revealing Glimpse Into the Secrets of All the Eves!

"She grabbed my mitt. She pressed it to her mouth and kissed it. It was awful!"

By Brenda Ueland

Picture by WILLIAM KEMP STARRETT

WHATEVER I say in this article is the result of research and is not the story of my personal methods. Because, although I always think of myself (fondly) as being fascinating to men, I look around me and don't see any tangible results—no money, no candidates for marriage, no mash notes, no cabarets, no flowers, no candy, no telephone calls.

And although I like to think of myself as having had many proposals of marriage, yet when I examine these coldly I find I have been counting as proposals things which probably were not so at all. For instance, I read in my diary:

June 4, 1916.—Frank Eggblatt telephoned again. I can tell he is crazy about me. We go to picture show at Gem and after that he walks home with me. Acts very queer and silent, and after long pause says, "I wish . . ." But of course I couldn't think of it. He's a peach, but I could never marry a man so much shorter than me. Besides, mamma would kill me.

November 6, 1917.—Lloyd Berger here and stays until nearly midnight, and Gosh! the way he looks at me I get scared. But I save the situation and stall by playing on the piano There Are Smiles That Make You Blue, by ear, except I can't get the bass. I've got to cut out leading men on this way.

January 10, 1918.—That rich papa has fallen kerplunk! I met him for the second time at Evelyn's tea and we were casually talking in the other room when he said, "How would you like to live in the country?" . . . I was so surprised you could have knocked me over with a feather! But I pretended I thought he just meant wasn't I sick of New York with its artificial social whirl.

So you see those are the proposals I have been crediting myself with, notching them off. Yet when you examine them, are they proposals? And to go back to my earlier youth, I was the kind of a girl for whom at dancing school they always had the Paul Jones.

Thus I prove that I don't speak from experience. But I have carried on a searching

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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We started out by asking 1000 men their supreme desires in a shaving cream.

They named four. And we met them. Then added a fifth—strong bubbles—the most important of all.

130 formulae were discarded before we found the right one. And when we did, we changed the whole shaving situation.

Frankly, we didn't dream so great an improvement could be made in a shaving cream—soap experts as we are. Our toilet soap—Palmolive—is the leader of the world. So we speak as masters of our subject. 60 years of soap study stand behind us.

Find out, please

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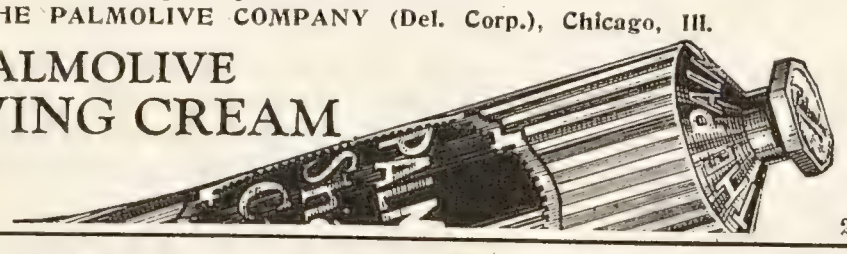

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN]

investigation of how certain women contrive to be fascinating to men, and I will straightway give you the advantage of all I have learned.

First, it is a help to be good-looking. But it isn't a necessity. And there are raving beauties who can't be fascinating at all. Come to think of it, it is only necessary to avoid certain accoutrements, like glasses, sidecombs, surgical shoes or those tailored suits with unbending skirts which so conceal the figure that you look as though you were on wheels. Or don't wear a lot of stiffly starched underwear gathered with ropes. But beyond that, character and behavior are more important than looks or get-up.

NOW the basic fundamental requirement is that you like men—like to see them, like to have them around, feel your heart expand and grow warm in their presence. Next, you must be flirtatious. This is something difficult to define. It means being sportive, arch, saying things you don't mean as though you meant them, and things you do mean as though you didn't. The lowest form of it is nudging a man in the ribs and saying, "You don't like me," when you know darned well he does.

There are many women who can't do this at all, some of them gloriously beautiful. Instead they are man-to-man, straight-from-the-shoulder, hold-'em-Vassar, and there is nothing so fatal as this to the art of making men fall in love with you. They look at a man in a splendid, steady way and ask him for his views (frankly!) on rural conditions. And with never a wink or a laugh or a kick in the shins or a double entendre.

However, there is one instance when earnestness is supposed to be fascinating—when it is combined with wicked, slumberous sensuality—when it is tense. Here we have the vamp. But the vamp, I have ascertained, isn't nearly so effective in real life as in the movies. Perhaps it works on a Frenchman or a Spaniard. But to an American who has been brought up to feel that all l'Amour is sappy, as indeed it is—it only scares him nearly to death.

A native American from Clinton, Iowa, told me how he was once vamped.

"She grabbed my mitt. She pressed it to her mouth and kissed it," he explained. "She slumped to the floor and grabbed me, sobbing. She hissed 'I love you!' It was awful! I thought I'd never get out of there."

So if you wish to cut your swath among Americans don't base your tactics on those of Nazimova or Nita Naldi.

A man has said some women have a way of making every man they talk to feel they are in love

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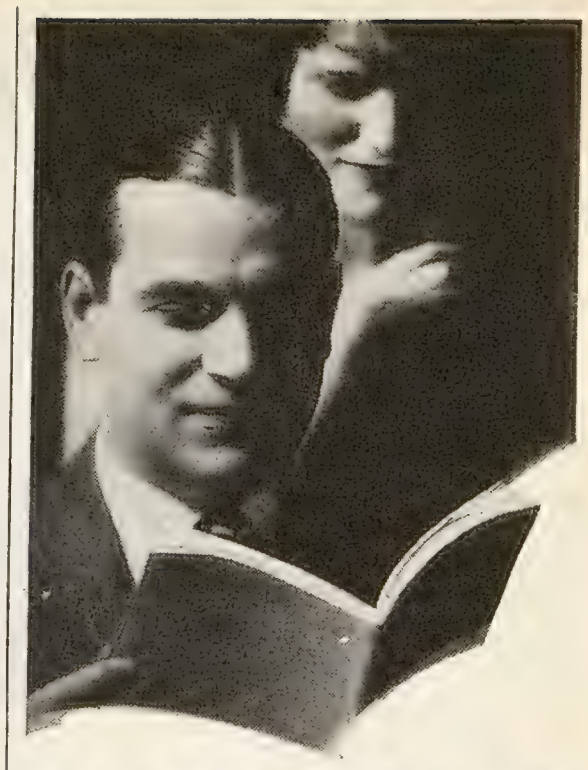

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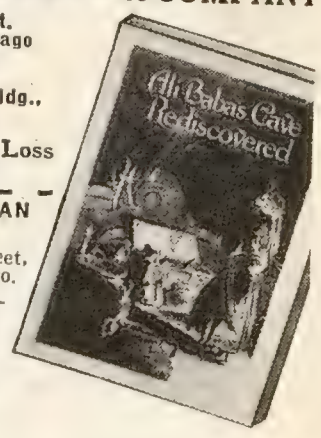

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-EIGHT]

with him; that he is brilliant, interesting, witty. This, he said, was the secret of fascination. And it is a wonderful beginning. But how to do it? How to do it?

First, you must be by nature kind, sympathetic, and sociable. Second, you must not be self-centered. Because then you won't be able to listen to what he says with any real interest. Third, you must be smart. I am afraid so. I know there is a superstition that dumbbells are fascinating. Too bad. Nothing in it. The brighter you are the better. Because it takes imagination to frame questions that will draw him out and lead him into fields of conversation whither he likes to wander.

And it takes the most delicate perceptions to know when you are treading on his toes or hurting his feelings. Also you must be smart enough to see the point of his jokes and then to laugh at them. And bear in mind continually that the object of it all is to make him feel arrogant, at ease, to make him so expand and enjoy himself in your company that he can't live without you.

SO it is quite true you must give a great deal of attention to whatever man you are working on. But I must here sound a warning. Many of us have tried all above mentioned and yet have failed miserably. I think I can explain why. And here it is. At the back of all your efforts to fascinate him you have a mercenary motive—to get him to marry you, or at least to love you. You mustn't do this. The poor fellow will sense it and become scared. On the contrary, you must always have inside yourself an indifference as to whether you succeed in landing him or not. Herein lies one of the secrets of charm.

Another thing which spoils the effect of many a woman who might very well otherwise be fascinating is this: It is a sad fact that most of us are taught at our mother's knee that "Love is all, the be all and the end all," etc.; that between the ages of twenty and thirty every one of us will surely meet some man who is the only one in the world with whom we could ever fall in love and that he will reciprocate it, only more so, and then we will marry him and throughout life he will continue to demonstrate very theatrical feelings for us.

This damnable romantic nonsense is the thing which makes so

Photo courtesy Morris Gest

Lady Diana Manners Duff-Cooper, a much admired English beauty of the stage and society.

Peggy Joyce, once of The Follies. She married three millionaires and a count.

Photo courtesy Morris Gest

Princess Matchabelli, who came to this country from Italy to play in The Miracle.

many women so offensively serious in these situations and frightens thousands of men nearly to death and makes them sidestep marriage. You can't blame them. Because, when you think of it, what could be more terrifying than to be offered the everlasting love of one sweet, pure, moral woman? So forget what you read in the more wholesome novels if you want to be fascinating. And be patient a little longer, because I am going to tell you how.

Now, many marvel at and envy the very evident fascination of certain well-known women. There is Peggy Joyce, who succeeded in marrying three millionaires and a count. There is the Duchess de Gramont, who, Mme. Vionnet, the head of one of the most elegant dressmaking houses in Paris, told me, was the most charming woman in the world. There are Lady Diana Manners Duff-Cooper and the Princess Matchabelli and innumerable others—actresses and dancers and society women—who, you hear, are sorceresses for charm and who are the heroines of gorgeous and extravagant gossip, such as, "For her Crown Prince Dagobert left his last wife and got wounded in a duel with the King of Thule because the latter said he didn't like her hat."

WELL, I have thought about the success of these much adored women and have reached certain conclusions. In the first place, they have a tremendous advantage over the rest of us because they are rich. (And I like to think myself, as well as other women, are not rich simply because we were too kind-hearted, too true blue, to divorce our first husbands.) But be that as it may, these pre-eminent charmers are rich. They can afford evening gowns that look as though they had been molded into them.

They can afford glamorous settings for themselves; drawing rooms done in white brocade and gilded chairs four hundred years old. They move only in limousines. So they can wear high heels and stockings as fragile as fish food. They can sleep late. Consequently they are always bright-eyed and rested and animated.

They can devote several hours a day to work on complexion and figure. They can give dinner parties every night and invite to these all the sheiks and big Nordics to whom they take a fancy. And, if married, they can invite so many guests that the man they are married to will be well out of earshot and not able to tease them afterward about a certain line of talk often used before. Footmen bring in cocktails. Champagne for dinner. Liqueurs. Sheiks and Nordics on skates. Very susceptible. It must be a cinch.

Another thing, when a pretty woman in such a setting, with bracelets covering both forearms and with rings set with stones as big as electric lights, talks to a man with a kind and merry look in her eyes, I am sure he cannot

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Prevent tooth decay below the gum-line

As the soil nourishes the tree roots, the gums nourish the teeth. And as the tree decays if you bare the roots, so do the teeth decay when gum shrinkage starts in.

This condition—one of the first stages of Pyorrhea—is very common and something that ordinary tooth pastes are powerless to prevent. If not checked promptly, it will lead to loss of teeth and serious organic diseases.

Forhan's Checkmates Pyorrhea

If used in time and used consistently twice daily, Forhan's will prevent Pyorrhea or check its progress. It will preserve the gums in their pink, normal, healthy condition, safeguard your health and *keep* your mouth clean, fresh and wholesome.

Forhan's is more than a tooth paste; it checks Pyorrhea. Thousands have found it beneficial for years. For your own sake ask for Forhan's For the Gums. All druggists, 35c and 60c in tubes.

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.
Forhan Company, New York

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There's no way to get around it. Dental statistics show that four out of every five over 40—and thousands younger, too—are victims of Pyorrhea. Do you want to avoid this dread disease?

Forhan's
FOR THE GUMS

More than a tooth paste—it checks Pyorrhea

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-NINE]

help but feel fascinated. So these things help. And in consolation to those women, like myself, who have only one hat and who are afraid to take it off for fear of showing that it has no lining, rich ladies have the bulge on us.

L'Amour is a strange thing. Under its influence almost everybody begins to behave in a crazy way. All who have been in love will recognize the following phenomenon: You meet a young man. He takes a fancy to you. The friendship sails along in a pleasant fashion. As long as you are not in love with him you can say to him with the most attractive ease things like this:

"Come and see me tomorrow. Come every day." Or, "Why don't you fall in love with me? Because how could you do better?" Or, "Do you mind if I slip my arm around your waist?" Or, "Why don't you drop your fiancee like a hot cake? I could make you a very interesting proposition." Or, "Alma, this man is made of granite. Let's assault him."

But at a certain point something happens. You begin to care, as they say. Suddenly al' your charming ease is gone. You pretend you don't give a whoop for him. You wouldn't call him up for anything. But you hang around the house all day waiting for the telephone to ring. He speaks admiringly of some other girl. While a short time ago you would have said:

"That bold-faced jig? Leave her flat. She's not your type." Now you say:

"Isn't she the sweetest thing?" Then ten seconds later, "Elmer Johnson (old beau) is in town."

NOW, my theory is that the most fascinating women in the world are those rare ones who can keep their original nonchalance all the time, in love as well as out. And they can do it for two reasons: because they don't care whether they fascinate him or not and because, having no mercenary motives to marry him, they have nothing to conceal or to be ashamed of and are consequently eternally charming. In other words, they are not Love Extractors. And to be a Love Extractor! That is the failing of most women. That is what we turn into so soon, so soon.

"You don't love me any more!" we cry out reproachfully. If you want to be fascinating never, never say that. As a reproach and in order to get a demonstration, it is the most wearisome bore in the world. And don't resort to any of those transparent tricks to make the man show more ardor—like sudden loss of appetite, getting headaches at parties where he is having a nice time with others, dashing out into the night.

I have another theory. Masculine writers, when they write of a woman whom they wish to prove is a regular sorceress for charm, describe her as a sphinxlike, enigmatic, inexplicable, Mona Lisa, maddening, mysterious WOMAN who defies understanding.

Now, I think I know what those baffled males mean by "mystery." It is this. Under the spell of l'Amour, as I have said, almost all women become perverse, quarrelsome, revengeful, reproachful, affected. But there are here and there a few who have the philosophical detachment in this love business which all self-respecting persons should have and who, even when in love, are as reasonable and polite as to their friends.

And herein lies the mystery. Men are so used to women kicking up rows over masculine neglect, imagined or real, that when they come upon one who demands no more adoration than she gets, they say: How mysterious! Inscrutable woman!

HERE is a description of the most fascinating woman I have ever seen. I am told she is baffling beyond words, maddening, the most heart-breaking woman in the world.

Of course, she is very pretty, has yellow hair and black eyelashes. And I suppose that helps. But as for character no one could be more dear, honorable, and unselfish. Men fall in love with her and she has fallen in love with several. But she never expects more devotion than she gets. If some man shows an inclination to tire of her she sighs, "Ah, well. I really can't blame him for it," and lets him slide.

No reproaches, no scenes, no throwing up of other chances. And this, in a strange way, seems to the men who have been in love with her, a ghastly thing. Now, this woman, I am sure, would do more for her friends than a thousand women who think of themselves as being so self-sacrificing (and, by the way, never remind a man of how self-sacrificing you are), and yet her baffled adorers call her Vampire, Mona Lisa, Devil, Sorceress, Fish!

I asked her how she did it and she answered:

"Well, you can't make anyone fall everlastingly in love with you, so why try? I fall in love sometimes. But somehow I can't feel that anyone is obliged to be stuck on me. Because if you scare a man by scenes, or gunplay, into a show of devotion, where's the satisfaction in it? Can't see any. Besides, I know you still live if no one is in love with you. And even have a lot of fun. You can ride in taxis and eat candy and wear your hair differently and get lots of sleep and go to vaudeville shows.

"So I never use any compulsion. Besides, my Lord! I feel kind of sorry for the critters, living in a world full of huntresses."

THE END

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Watch a painter laying on a coat of Zinc-O-lith, and you'll have hard work keeping your hands off the brush.

This new white paint flows so smoothly, covers so easily and so completely, covers so much more surface that you will want to share the painter's pride in a beautiful result.

Think of a white house that is white, that keeps its glossy white finish for a longer time than with ordinary paint, and at a lower cost to begin with. Who wouldn't have a white house on those terms?

And you can! Because Zinc-O-lith the better kind of white paint made of newly developed and less costly paint ingredients has made it possible. But low *first* cost is not the only reason. Zinc-O-lith covers a larger surface—*better* and that means a lower cost per square foot.

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ORANGE DROPS
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Pure
fruit flavors
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The Life Story of "The Most Popular Man Who Ever Lived"

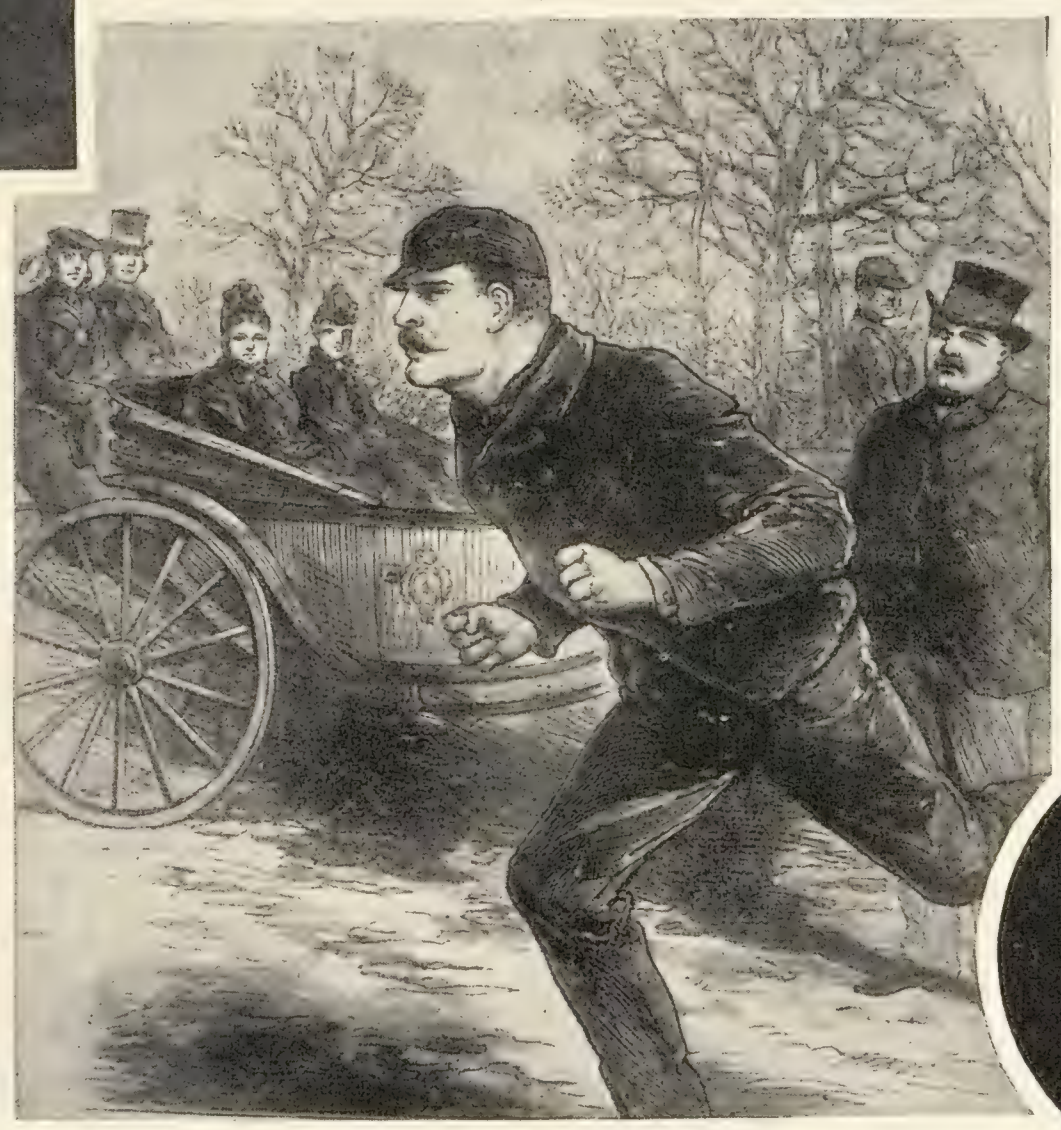
If Corbett had met the champion shown in this picture —the favorite photograph of the great and only John L.—the story of their fight might have been a different one. Sullivan had ruled the fistic world for about four years when this portrait was made in 1886, and dissipation had not yet paved the way for the light-hitting Corbett to wear out his fighing stamina and knock him out in the twenty-first round.

JOHN L. SULLIVAN

By JOE DORNEY,
Sullivan's Press Agent and Theatrical Manager for Years
and SID SUTHERLAND

SEVENTH INSTALLMENT

The Invasion *of* England



An artist's conception of a reported incident in London in 1888, when Queen Victoria saw Sullivan doing road work in Windsor Park in preparation for his battle with Charlie Mitchell at Chantilly, France.

Arthur Brisbane, as he looked when he met Sullivan in London in 1887.
International Photo

KNOCKING out one hundred and sixty-five opponents within nine months is a record that has never been approached by any modern fighter, and yet it was but one of the "stunts" which the greatest fighter of them all staged during his famous tour of the United States. The preceding installments of this vivid account of John L. Sullivan's meteoric career told of his early life and rise to fame; of his great fight with Paddy Ryan for the world's championship at Mississippi City, February 7, 1882, before a picturesque throng; his celebration of the victory and the reception accorded him by his Boston friends and admirers, and also the different reception given him by Katie Harkins, his sweetheart. Turned down by her at the very pinnacle of his ambitions, he flung himself into a wild debauch and married Annie Bates; sobering up, he regretted the deed, but was compelled to abide by his marriage vows.

He appeared at Madison Square Garden, New York, and then was knocked flat on his back, for the first time in his life, by Charlie Mitchell, clever English boxer, whom he defeated with a hurricane of sledgehammer blows, which the agile Briton was unable to avoid. He then opened his famous saloon in Boston, but left for New York in answer to a challenge by Prof. John M. Laflin, boxing instructor of the New York Athletic Club.

The story is based upon Mr. Dorney's personal reminiscenses, prepared in collaboration with Sid Sutherland, noted sports writer.

THERE was probably more money bet on the battle between Prof. John M. Laflin, boxing instructor at the New York Athletic Club and favorite of New York society, and John L. Sullivan than on any of the champion's New York contests. The big Boston plungers went to New York disposed to bet their gold teeth, while Laflin was sponsored by Ward McAllister, Freddy Gebhard, and the younger members of the Gould, Vanderbilt, Morgan, and other wealthy families. These latter had had Laflin train for months before taunting the champion into accepting a match.

Laflin, called the Society Adonis, was a wonderful boxer and a marvel of strength and grace. But John determined to make short work of him for the following reason:

About twenty-five members of the old Roxbury gang went to New York by boat, at one dollar apiece, and arrived the morning of November 10, the day of the bout. They put up at a cheap hotel off the Bowery, below Cooper Union. During the afternoon two of the boys went out sightseeing. As they passed the old Hoffman House they heard some men say that the manager of the hotel was holding $5,000 to bet on Laflin. Jack Sheehan, now

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-FIVE]

These are the Crisp Corn Flakes

When you put down your book for the night, go out to the kitchen and fix up a heaping bowl of Post Toasties *(Double-Thick Corn Flakes)* and cream. These Double-Thick Corn Flakes are crisper, better flavored. Seasoned expertly and toasted by special process to crisp, golden brown, Post Toasties are the most delicious Corn Flakes you ever tasted. Ask your grocer for Post Toasties. Insist on the genuine. The original Double-Thick Corn Flakes come only in the red and yellow wax-wrapped package.

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Makers of— Post Health Products: Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties (*Double-Thick Corn Flakes*), Post's Bran Flakes, Postum Cereal, Instant Postum

Make the milk or cream test for corn flakes crispness. Send now for free test package.

Post Toasties

DOUBLE THICK Corn Flakes

stay crisp in cream

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-THREE]

a popular Boston referee, was one of the pair. He hurried back to their hotel and the Roxbury bunch counted their money. They had exactly two hundred and twelve dollars among them. Sheehan took two hundred dollars, leaving them about fifty cents each for food, and hurried back to the Hoffman House, where he got odds of three to one that Sullivan wouldn't win in less than four rounds. Then Sheehan told Sullivan that if he didn't cop in short order they'd all have to walk home.

Sullivan's poor condition made Laflin look good for a round or two that night, and Richard K. Fox led the society folk at the ringside in cheering for the aristocratic entry. He landed frequently and effectively on the champion, but in the third round John lost his temper over the applause and beat Laflin so savagely that Police Inspector Thorne signaled for the referee to stop the contest.

THE afternoon of the Laflin contest, Alf Greenfield of England, who had been imported by Fox, was matched to box Sullivan in Madison Square Garden on November 17, a week later. John beat Laflin so brutally, however, that the reformers tried to stop the Greenfield bout. The principals were summoned to court. Judge Patterson asked Sullivan if the affair at Madison Square Garden was to be a prize fight.

"First of all, your honor," said Sullivan, "I want to call your attention to the fact that the reformers don't mind breaking the law if they can gain their ends. In other words, I have done nothing and yet they hale me into court. Why don't they wait till I break the law? As to the meeting with Mr. Greenfield, it will be just a scientific exhibition of the art of self-defense. If I had a few reformers in the ring it might become a fight."

"Passing over most of your remarks as irrelevant," said the judge, smiling, "tell me: have you any animosity against Greenfield?"

"None; I rather like him."

"Do you intend to inflict physical damage on him?"

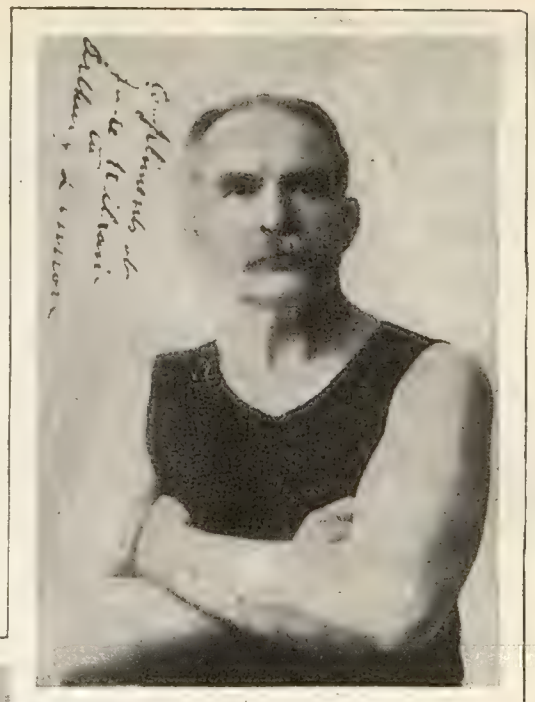
"Oh, no, your honor; we wouldn't think of hurting each other."

The judge dismissed the case and Sullivan won in two rounds, the police stopping the bout to save Greenfield. After another victory over the Briton in Boston, John returned to New York to meet Paddy Ryan in the Garden on January 19, 1885. Paddy had trained faithfully to regain the title from Sullivan, who was in terrible shape. The amphitheater was packed, but the police interfered within a minute after it started, Sullivan having almost massacred Paddy with a fierce fusillade of gloves as soon as time was called.

Not long after, Parson Davies arranged a match between the champion and Jack Burke, the Irish lad, who had won a number of bouts. John was to get seventy-five per cent of the net receipts for a six round contest in Chicago.

John and his party reached Chicago on Friday, June 12, the day before the battle. He was accompanied by Pat Sheedy, his manager; his eighteen-year-old brother, Michael; Patsey Sheppard, and Arthur Chambers. Sullivan had several painful carbuncles on the back of his neck, and he was in a wild mood when he went to the old Tremont Hotel for breakfast. Later in the morning he went to a Turkish bath, about his only training for the fight!

The next morning John had the carbuncles lanced. The doctor warned him against fighting that afternoon, but Sullivan profanely told the physician to go to the fight and if he saw Burke hit him on those boils to bet the office furniture the Irish lad would get his head beat off.



Jake Kilrain in 1905, when he was working with Sullivan on the stage, illustrating the high spots of their famous seventy-five round fight at Richburg, Miss., July 8, 1889.

Baker Photo.

Frank Hall—"the best manager Sullivan ever had"—and Mrs. Hall, at West Baden, Indiana, where they own a beautiful home. It was due to Hall that Sullivan gave up drinking.

John L. and Frank Hall at the ringside in Reno, Nevada, where Jack Johnson knocked out Jeffries in 1910. Sullivan attended the fight in the role of a newspaper correspondent.

Dana Photo.

That afternoon the streets leading to the old West Side Driving Park, later the Garfield Park race track, were jammed with vehicles of all kinds. Parson Davies had arranged for wrestling and boxing bouts to entertain the crowd until the main event.

BURKE was in fine condition. Seconded by the Parson, Tommy Chandler, and Mike Malloy, he made a clown of Sullivan for several rounds. John couldn't get interested in the affair, and Sheedy and Chambers were up in the air. In the fifth round Burke happened to wrap one of his vicious right swings around Sullivan's neck and knocked the court plaster off the carbuncles. A moment later the police scrambled frantically into the ring to stop the murder, for Sullivan went crazy and almost knocked Burke to pieces.

Sullivan, who was growing moody and hard to handle because of the tremendous quantities of liquor he was pouring into himself, decided to lay off fighting for a while. He loafed around Boston for more than a year, occasionally going out for a few weeks on some stage circuit to pick up some easy money.

Late the following August, John asked Pat Sheedy to make a match with Frank Herald of Philadelphia, touted by the sports writers as a boxer of merit. The bout took place in Allegheny City, Pennsylvania, on September 18, 1886, with John Newell of Pittsburgh as referee. The first round was a riot, with John and his challenger punching each other all over the ring. In the second, John knocked Herald on his back, but the latter jumped up and all rules were discarded as the two tore into each other in longshoreman style. The police climbed into the ring when it became evident that the referee couldn't halt the gouging and kicking and biting and wrestling. They finally got control, and Sullivan got the decision.

While the outcome didn't satisfy either the champion or Herald, the former's visit to Allegheny City was a godsend to a poor widow. Before leaving town the next morning, John went to see an old friend, a Pat Sullivan. Pat wasn't in, but while John was waiting he heard a customer telling the bartender that several bailiffs were dispossessing a widow who lived

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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Please send me information about this special guaranteed Burroughs Adding Machine.
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The Time Is Coming

when the world's supply of fur will be from fur farms—invest your surplus earnings in fur farming—later on it will cost you a great deal more to start—we guarantee you 20% net cash yearly—your investment is fully secured.

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-FIVE]

with four or five small children in a shack down the road.

John finished his drink and strolled down there. Three constables were piling the woman's chattels outside while she stood weeping with a baby in her arms, the other kids tugging at her skirts.

"What's the damage?" Sullivan asked.

"Eighty-eight dollars back rent," replied the head bailiff.

"Here's your eighty-eight dollars. Now move that furniture back in there damn quick or I'll lick all three of you. I'm John L. Sullivan."

LESS than two months later John received an offer of a huge purse to go out to San Francisco and meet Paddy Ryan again. On his journey to the coast, Sullivan, who was accompanied by Sheedy, Pete McCoy, Jimmy Carroll, and Chambers, stopped in all the larger cities to give exhibitions and do a little half-hearted training in local gymnasiums. By the time they reached San Francisco, the sports were betting their heads off on Ryan, because of the stories preceding Sullivan to the effect that he was staging some noble sprees on his journey West.

The old Mechanics' Pavilion couldn't hold the crowd that night of November 13. Sullivan won in the third round with a crushing swing to the neck, exactly the same blow with which he had won the championship from Ryan.

Among the spectators that night was a twenty-year-old bank clerk who liked to box. He had won quite a few amateur bouts, and was beginning to attract notice as a consummately clever kid who, if he didn't have a terrific wallop, certainly was a revelation when it came to skillful boxing. His name was James John Corbett. In later years he told Sullivan that it was while watching him demolish Paddy Ryan that he conceived the idea that he might some day try conclusions with the champion.

John's next memorable battle was with Patsy Cardiff in the Washington Rink in Minneapolis on January 18, 1887. Pat Sullivan was the third man in the ring, and Sheedy, Dan Murphy, and Chambers were behind Sullivan. Cardiff was one of the best fighters in the Northwest; and this was the only time in all his long career as a prize fighter that Sullivan was ever hissed. It happened after he had missed a hard left swing at Cardiff in the opening round and hit a corner post, snapping one of the bones in his wrist. Patsy was so cautious and John was in such agony that the contest slowed up to where the spectators hooted at both men. Sullivan almost wept when the referee called it a draw.

A month later John joined Lester & Allen's Minstrels, giving a three round sparring exhibition with Jack Ashton, a fine athlete and a splendid boxer, until September, when he began receiving invitations from abroad to visit England, Ireland, and France. Theatrical managers were eager to book him, and John determined to go. His Boston friends decided to give him a banquet and a present. They consulted John as to what would be most acceptable.

"Well," said John, "I'll tell you just what I want. I am leaving America for the first time, and you couldn't give me anything I'd appreciate more than an American flag which I could use as a belt. Mitchell has been bragging lately, and I want another crack at Tug Wilson, and if Jem Smith will meet me I'll take him on. And I want those foreigners to see the good old Stars and Stripes on an American champion in action."

His friends had a special silk flag made, and he wore it when he appeared before the Prince of Wales, afterward King Edward VII., when he fought Charlie Mitchell, when he beat Jake Kilrain, and when he lost to Corbett. He always thought more of this battle-scarred old flag than he did of the magnificent diamond belt presented to him by his admirers.

The fate of this belt has always been in doubt. One report was that Sullivan pawned it in Chicago for seventeen thousand dollars and never redeemed it. Another story was that he sold it when hard up for cash. The most probable explanation, however, is that he pawned it in New York for fourteen hundred dollars, and when he let the redemption period lapse the pawnbroker took out the jewels and melted down the gold. There were many imitations of it in saloons and museums, and even Pat Sheedy was fooled by some of them.

ACCOMPANIED by Jack Ashton, Sullivan sailed for England the last week in October, 1887. He reached Southampton on November 6 and was astonished, when he stepped from the tender, to be greeted by a mighty cheer from the thousands who had gathered on the wharf. A bodyguard had to be formed to get him to his hotel.

Three nights later Sullivan made his first appearance at St. James's Hall, where he was introduced, standing beside Jem Smith, champion of England. Sullivan then boxed three rounds with Ashton. He was booked solid for as long as he cared to play the music halls.

Among the first Americans to greet their famous countryman was a young newspaper man representing the New York Sun. He and Sullivan at once struck up a friendship that lasted for thirty-one years. John asked the young fellow to put up with him at his hotel, and they became inseparable.

A few weeks later Sullivan walked into the Pelican Club on St. James Street, the chief boxing resort of London at that time. While there, a delegation approached him, the spokesman bowing low and then reading aloud the following communication:

"St. James Barracks, 8 Dec., 1887.

"My dear Mr. Sullivan: I have great pleasure on behalf of the officers of the Scots Guards in inviting you to breakfast in our messroom tomorrow at twelve o'clock, and subsequently to meet H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, who has repeatedly expressed a desire to make your personal acquaintance. Very truly yours, sir,

"CLIFFORD DRUMMOND,
"Captain, Scots Guards."

"Please accept my thanks for the invitation," said Sullivan with great dignity. "I shall be happy to wait on you at the time and place you mention."

The delegation thanked him formally, and then crowded around him with friendly handclasps and lively conversation. That night Sullivan told his newspaper friend all about the invitation and asked him to join the party. The young fellow said he'd be glad to, but that gentlemen of the press were usually excluded from meetings with royalty.

"Is that so?" said Sullivan. "Well, we'll see about that."

At noon the next day they strolled to the St. James Barracks, across the street from the Pelican Club. When they got to the entrance Sullivan sent in his card. Several officers hurried to the gate. Then they spied Sullivan's companion.

"Beg pardon, Mr. Sullivan, but who is this person?" asked a red-faced colonel.

"This person, as you call him, is a newspaper man and a friend of——" Sullivan began.

"Oh, sorry," the colonel interrupted hastily, "but we never admit the press to——"

"Well, you'll admit my friend or you won't admit me!" Sullivan roared. "You go tell the Prince of Wales that John L. Sullivan has already waited a lot longer than he usually waits at a door, but that he won't enter this building until he's assured of a welcome for his friend, Arthur Brisbane."

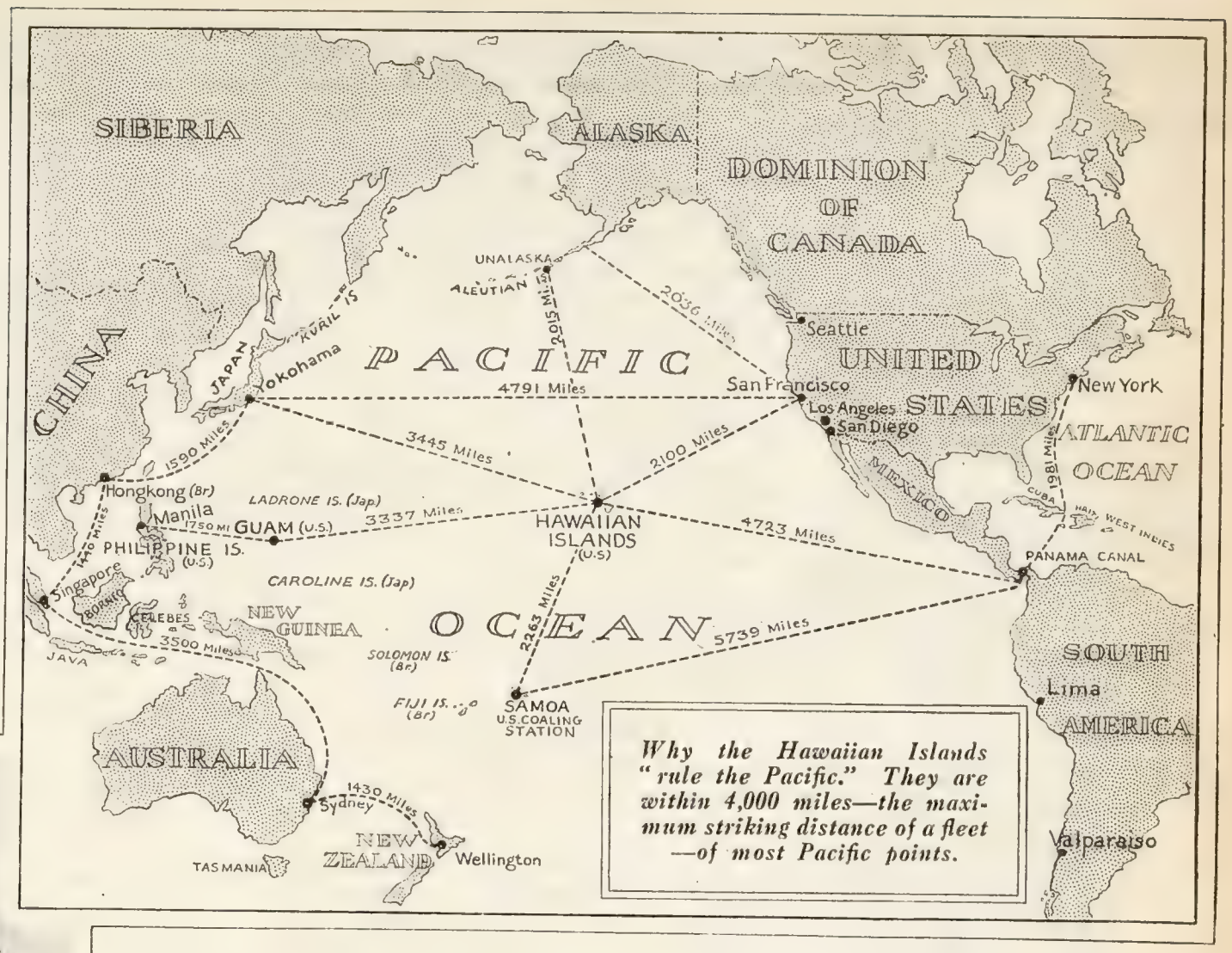
The next installment, to appear in next week's issue, will tell of a dramatic incident in connection with Sullivan's meeting the Prince of Wales, afterward King Edward VII. of England—an incident which shows Sullivan's steadfast loyalty to his friends; of his visits to Ireland; his fight with Charlie Mitchell, which took place in Chantilly, France; his arrest and flight to England; his return to America, where he received a wonderful reception, and of his being matched to meet Jake Kilrain.

Our Pacific Problem

By ARTHUR SEARS HENNING

© Henry Miller

Grim guardians of our shores—eight of the eleven dreadnaughts which will demonstrate our strength or weakness in the Pacific.



Why the Hawaiian Islands "rule the Pacific." They are within 4,000 miles—the maximum striking distance of a fleet—of most Pacific points.

Concluding a Two-Part Article—

How Much Punch Have We in the Pacific?

The Story of America's Greatest War Game and What It Means

IN a previous article Arthur Sears Henning described the scope of the present Grand Joint Exercises of the army and navy in the Pacific: how, with the Hawaiian Islands as a prize, the Blue forces would attempt to "capture," and the Black forces to "defend," that archipelago. Mr. Henning told how conditions of actual warfare would be observed, so far as is possible, in these war games, and how umpires will decide which of the opposing forces wins the "victory."

In the present article the Pacific question is taken up from the broader angle of international relations—those agreements with Japan and Great Britain which concern our national safety so vitally.

"THE theater of the next war"—that's what statesmen have been calling the Pacific Ocean, in which the American army and navy are now playing leading roles before a world audience.

In the Grand Joint Exercises arranged by the War and Navy Departments the endeavor of the United States fleet to "capture" the Hawaiian Islands and of our Hawaiian land and sea forces to prevent the archipelago from falling into "enemy" hands will bring home to the American people an episode of vital consequence in any actual war in the Pacific in which the United States may become involved.

The conviction of American and British statesmen that events were tending toward a war in the Pacific, not improbably between the United States and Japan, was principally responsible for the calling of the Washington Conference on the Limitation of Armaments. The international agreements and understandings resulting from that conference are widely believed to have postponed for a decade or more, if they have not completely averted, a war in the Pacific.

In that conference the United States made such sacrifices in the interest of peace as no nation voluntarily ever made. We scrapped ships, built and building, which were to have given us undeniable world supremacy. We relinquished the right to build a naval base at Guam, essential to the adequate defense of the Philippines. We pledged ourselves not to strengthen the obsolescent defenses of the Philippines and not to fortify the Aleutian Islands.

With no base nearer than the Hawaiian Islands, which alone we are permitted to fortify, we have deprived ourselves of the power to defend the Philippines or otherwise wage a successful war in the Western Pacific save at a staggering expense and after months of delay, during which our enemy would have taken the Philippines and intrenched himself there, perhaps irremovably. Japan, by the treaty limitation on capital ships, deprived itself of the power to wage a successful war in the eastern Pacific and presumably of the power to take the Hawaiian Islands so long as our fleet is in the Pacific.

Neither the United States nor Japan, under the terms of the treaty, is able to attack the homeland of the other successfully, and the United States is unable to defend the Philippines.

But, in the opinion of our statesmen, our sacrifices of physical power in the treaty are far outweighed by our moral and other intangible gains. The Anglo-Japanese alliance was scrapped and replaced by an unwritten, tacit alliance between the United States and Great Britain so far as affairs in the Pacific region are concerned.

THERE is a constantly augmenting community of interest among the United States and the British dominions bordering the Pacific. This movement developed long before the Washington conference and is now seen to have deterred Great Britain from ratifying the Geneva compulsory arbitration protocol and sealed the doom of that piece of League of Nations statesmanship.

The United States and the British dominions deem the protocol inimical to their interests because, for one of several reasons, it leaves the way open to foreign attempts to interfere with the immigration exclusion policies of America and Britain. So strongly did the British dominion leaders feel on the subject that they refused to attend an empire conference on the question to which the London government invited them. So Britain will not ratify the protocol, and without British sanction the protocol dies a-borning.

Startled by so novel a sensation, the British lion contemplates its anatomy and perceives a case of the tail wagging the lion, if indeed the dominions have not become something more than the empire's caudal appendage.

In any event, the British dominions in the Pacific will write British policies therein for some time to come, and so long as their community of interest with the United States con-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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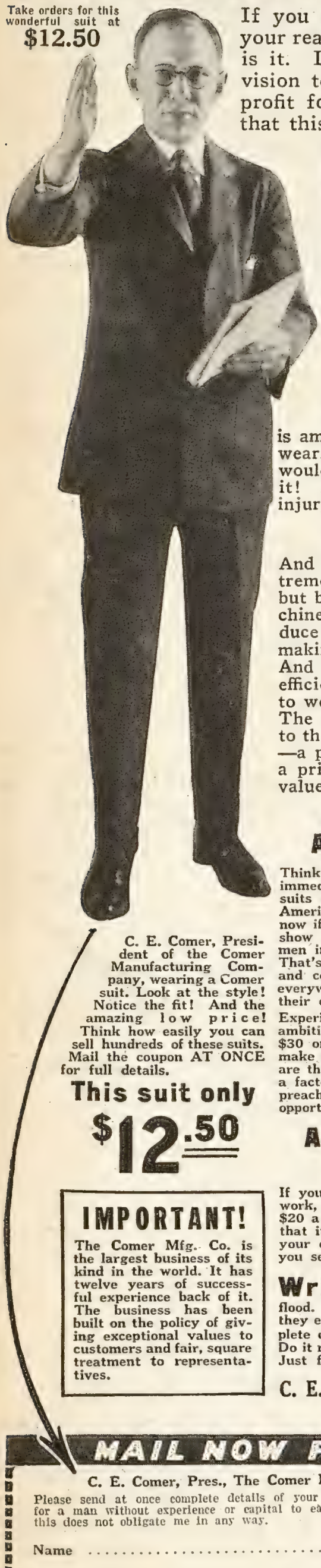

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Experience is not necessary. We want men who are ambitious—industrious and honest. Men who can earn $30 or $40 a day without getting lazy—men who can make $1,000 a month and still stay on the job. If you are the right type—you may be a bookkeeper, a clerk, a factory worker, a mechanic, a salesman, a farmer, a preacher, or a teacher, that makes no difference—the opportunity is here and we offer it to you.

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If you feel you want to devote only spare time to the work, that is satisfactory to us. You can earn $10 to $20 a day in a few hours. You will find in a few days that it will pay you to give this work more time—for your earnings will depend entirely on how many men you see.

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-SEVEN]

tinues the tacit alliance between Albion and America in the Pacific region will endure. Any flouting of the dominions at London would be at the risk of destroying the empire and driving Canada, Australia, and New Zealand into the arms of the United States, as more than one British statesman recently has warned his countrymen.

Thus it is that Great Britain and America dominate the Pacific today. Japan could go to war with the United States only at the risk of fighting England also. On account of this deterrent consideration and the inability of Japan to finance a war with even one first-rank power, a Pacific conflict is regarded by statesmen generally as an extremely remote possibility.

In the Washington conference treaty we sacrificed the power to defend the Philippines. But we gained, in Great Britain, a virtual ally to whose interest Japanese possession of the Philippines would be obnoxious, because it not only would augment Japanese power in the Pacific but would advance the Japanese frontier several thousand miles nearer to Australia and New Zealand. Japan in the Philippines would be regarded by Britain as a spearhead too close to the British dominions to be comfortable.

Hence, although we are now unable to prevent the taking of the Philippines in the event of war in the Pacific, we have gained a partnership with Great Britain. So long as that partnership endures it is not conceivable that Japan or any other nation will try to seize the Philippines or otherwise to attack the United States in the Pacific.

THE British, in the treaty, abandoned their right to develop Hongkong further as a fortified naval base, but they now have embarked upon the project of creating a Far Eastern Gibraltar at Singapore, which is outside the zone of limitation of fortifications.

The plan to establish a great naval base at Singapore was abandoned by the British government under the Labor ministry. Had it not been for the attitude of Australia and New Zealand it is doubtful if the project would have been revived so promptly upon the fall of that ministry, in view of the necessity for rigid economy in government expenditures. But it soon became apparent that to deny the dominions the protection of a naval stronghold in the Far East would be to jeopardize empire harmony. Consequently the Singapore base plan speedily was revived.

The Singapore project is of vast proportions and will require more than a decade to complete. It will make Great Britain mistress of the South Seas, if not the entire region of the western Pacific. It will re-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-EIGHT]

lieve Australia and New Zealand of all fear of successful attack by Japan or any other nation. It will stretch a mighty arm of protection over the Philippines and halt any schemes of aggrandizement which Japan may harbor but of which Britain disapproves.

The Singapore base eventually will be large enough to accommodate, at one time, the entire battle fleet of the British navy. In addition to battleships it will be possible to base at this strategic point hundreds of destroyers and submarines and thousands of airplanes. Dry docks and repair and supply establishments will enable Britain to fight a war in the Far East as efficiently as in home waters. The Singapore base will be made impregnable with fortifications mounting guns outranging any carried by battleships either built or building today.

While Great Britain is developing a great base at Singapore, the United States doubtless will go on debating the question of the extent to which our base in the Hawaiian Islands is to be expanded and strengthened for the defense of our homeland, the Panama Canal and the Philippines. The results of the Grand Joint Exercises at the Hawaiian Islands will illuminate this problem with the light of actual experiment in attacking and defending the group.

The general staff of the army, however, has deliberated the advisability of making the Hawaiian Islands a Pacific Gibraltar and has returned a negative answer to the question.

"It would be possible to make these islands the Gibraltar of the Pacific, but it would not be worth the cost," says the general staff. "It is quite unnecessary to make any point impregnable in order to have it accomplish its purpose. It will suffice to make it so strong that its reduction would not be worth the cost to the enemy. This the defense of Oahu will do when the project for its defense is completed.

"With our fleet in the Pacific, it [Oahu] is, to all intents and purposes, practically impregnable now. If our fleet is not in the Pacific, Oahu probably could be taken if a sufficient force were launched against it, but even in this case it is very much to be doubted whether the attempt would be worth the cost entailed.

"In any event, it would be impossible to fortify and defend all the islands of the group. Even if an enemy should take some of them, except Oahu, they would not be of much value to him, since none of them possesses the geographical conformation and possibilities to permit its use as a naval base. Nothing short of such a naval base would meet the enemy's needs in case he wanted to launch an attack against any part of the line Alaska-United States-Pacific-Panama.

"The greatest natural difficulty that would confront an attacking force launched against these islands is their distance from the attacker's home bases and the inherent strength of Oahu itself, defended as it is at present.

"With our fleet in the Pacific, an attack by a hostile power would be practically out of the question, as already stated. With our fleet not in the Pacific, the natural difficulties of an attack against Oahu would still be very great, provided Oahu has an adequate air garrison.

The water front of Honolulu. Although the picture shows naval vessels, in war time the fleet would use Pearl Harbor, several miles away.

"In order to reduce Oahu the heavy gun defense would have to be silenced, and this would be an exceedingly difficult undertaking for a fleet. It is, therefore, very probable that a landing would have to be made. This would encounter the natural difficulties inherent in such an undertaking. The transports carrying the landing force would be exposed to air attack and long-range gunfire; the attack would meet strong opposition in getting ashore, and, even if it succeeded in landing, it would have to overcome the resistance of the entire garrison before the island would fall into its hands."

IN the event of the United States becoming involved in war in the Pacific the existence of a naval base in the Hawaiian Islands capable of accommodating our entire navy and handling the vast work of supply and repair would be absolutely essential.

We do not possess such a base there today, though we have the beginning of one. A special board of the navy during the administration of former Secretary Denby pronounced it imperative to develop an adequate base in the Hawaiian Islands with priority over the development of all other shore establishments, and outlined a program of expansion to be completed in twenty years at a cost of $42,500,000. Under the limitation on appropriations imposed by the Budget Bureau and Congress, however, the development of the Hawaiian base is not going forward as rapidly and systematically as the Navy Department deems essential to national safety.

With the greater part of the American navy at the Hawaiian Islands during the Grand Joint Exercises we may judge just how far short the naval base falls of accommodating our sea forces in time of peace, not to mention the requirements of war time, which would be multiplied many fold.

The maneuvers also are testing the present condition of our ships. In the practice exercises a year ago four of our oldest battleships were unable to function properly because of antiquated and run-down equipment. They were withdrawn from the maneuvers. When Secretary of the Navy Wilbur, himself a graduate of Annapolis, took office last year, he found the navy in a serious state of disrepair, and so informed Congress.

"The state of the material condition of the fleet is now not satisfactory," said Secretary Wilbur. "Although the available funds for the present fiscal year remain about the same as for last year, retrogression is apparent because the ships are older and the maintenance costs are increasing accordingly. Efficient operation is becoming impaired, and casualties to machinery are frequent.

"Every effort has been directed toward devoting expenditures solely to the upkeep of ships in commission. Even then all urgent repairs cannot be accomplished and ships remain at navy yards an undue length of time, and leave without completion of needful repairs.

"Because of this inadequacy of funds an order was issued in August of this [1924] year reducing to a minimum all improvements to the units of the fleet, no matter how important.

"The condition of the boilers of the Wyoming, Arkansas, Florida, and Utah was found to be such that it was not considered safe for them to continue with the fleet. Speed and boiler pressure were accordingly reduced. Temporary repairs have been made on the Wyoming, Arkansas, and Utah which permit the safety valves being reset at the original pressure and the lifting of restrictions on speed. The cost of temporary repairs to the Florida's boilers is too great to justify the repairs being made

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Lamp is complete with 9-foot cord, Bryant improved socket and beautifully decorated shade. **$2.95**

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2-Check with red
3-Mark with blue

Rite-Rite—sensational pencil value! Think of it—a handsome, nickel trimmed, gold stamped standard sized mechanical pencil, made of wood, light and perfect in balance, with all the advantages of a **$5 pencil—for 10c.**

Millions are being sold annually. Automatic machinery and *tremendous sales* give you this marvelous pencil for a dime—more than you bought for $5 heretofore Light, strong, durable. Loads quickly, easily, no fussing. Nothing to get out of order—*a child can operate it.*

Big Advertising Offer!

Send Only 50c for 3 Pencils Including 3 Colors of Lead

1 yellow pencil for black lead. 1 blue pencil for blue lead. 1 red pencil for red lead. We include a full-sized package of black lead (any degree of hardness) and extra blue and red lead—all for 50c. No extra charge for packing and mailing. *Money back if you aren't satisfied.* Don't pass up this remarkable offer — three pencils—three colors of lead—for less than the cost of one good pencil. See your dealer now or send the coupon. Now is the time. Act!

Office Managers Get This!

Send for this offer—try the Rite-Rite yourself. Then order from your dealer for the office. Cuts pencil costs. We guarantee it.

Bell Telephone Co. Bought 175,000

Also 3,000,000 sticks of lead. Rite-Rite cut their pencil bills. Banks, railroads and other big companies buying in thousand lots. Speeds up work. Write with **black**, mark with **blue**, check with **red**. Economical, convenient, efficient. **Send 50c for the special offer.**

At Last—A Perfect Lead

By our new, patented, exclusive process we make lead that slips across the paper like magic — no gritty spots, double strength —wears down smoothly.

Five Colors of Lead

Made in five colors and seven degrees of hardness. Improves any mechanical pencil.

Retail Dealers

Our advertising is working for you. Be ready. Phone or wire your jobber for stock, or write us. Now!

Choose Your Offer Send the Coupon

Remember, we pay the postage and packing on this big introductory offer. And — satisfaction or your money back. Don't pass this up. Three pencils, three colors of lead—for less than the cost of one pencil. Don't miss this big offer. You'll be surprised at the wonderful value. Do it now. This offer may never appear again. Remember, satisfaction or your money back.

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MAIL THIS COUPON NOW

FREE!

With every order for $1.00 or more we will send **free** 5 fine Rite-Rite erasers. Specially made for us. Best money can buy. Order $1.00 worth. Get these erasers **free.** Send Now!

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Send me your special advertising offer, carrying charges paid, consisting of: **1 yellow** Rite-Rite Pencil—1 **red** Rite-Rite Pencil—1 **blue** Rite-Rite Pencil—1 package of 12 sticks of black lead, also **extra** Blue and Red Lead.

Hard.....? Medium.....? Soft.....? (state which).

Also include the following additional order (we send **FREE**—5 Rite-Rite Erasers—best made—with every order for one dollar or more):

.....extra Rite-Rite Pencils at 10c each (state colors).....
How many?

.....extra packages Rite-Rite Lead, **black**, at 10c each—Hard.....Med.....Soft.....
How many?

.....extra packages (12 sticks) **Colored** Lead at 25c each.
How many?
Colors: Red.....Blue.....Green.....Purple.....(state which)

I enclose $.....in full payment of above, including packing and shipping charges.

Name.....

Street and No. or R. F. D.....City.....

State.....My Dealer's Name.....

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-NINE]

until the policy as to modernization is determined. It has been clearly demonstrated that the reboilering of these important units of the battle line is a military necessity."

For the lack of adequate funds to keep ships in repair the Navy Department blames the niggardliness of Congress. In the debates on the Navy Appropriation Bill in the last session members of the House Committee on Appropriations dealt with this charge at length, asserting that Congress had met the navy's requests for appropriations for repairs and maintenance with reasonable liberality.

If the Pacific maneuvers should bring out that our Hawaiian naval base is inadequate and our ships in bad repair the American public will know just how its defenses stand. That is the great value of the coming war game: it will test our forces to the uttermost. If defects are revealed they can be remedied—an impossibility in actual war.

THE END

Bright Sayings *of* Children

This Weekly will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright sayings of a child. Address the "Bright Sayings Editor," Liberty, Tribune Square, Chicago.

A Slight Misunderstanding

I was at a dinner party last February where the little boy of the house was allowed to sit at the table. One of the ladies remarked that she saw a pair of white shoes coming down First Street.

After a few minutes the little fellow asked: "And was nobody in them?"—E. F. Q., Worcester, Mass.

* * *

Thought It a Man's Job

When asked in the morning, after a sleepless night, why she couldn't sleep, little Dorothy said there had been "too many funny noises."

In fun, her father said: "That was your mother snoring." To which Dorothy replied:

"Why, I thought that was a man's job!"—Mrs. A. H., St. Louis, Mo.

* * *

Wasn't That Much "Swelled" Yet

Marion was at the dinner table. Her mother had just told her not to use her fingers.

"I know, mamma, the swell people don't eat that way, but I didn't think I was old enough to be that much swelled yet."—M. R., Chicago.

* * *

The Intention Was Good, But——

Bobby, who is six years old, wanted to compliment his mother on an exceptionally nice cake she had made. He said:

"My, but it's nice and smooth, just like it was made of cement."—Mrs. H. R. T., Winnipeg, Man.

$500 for Last Lines to Limericks—See Page 62

$50,000 In Cash For An Idea

Special notice to contestants for "Liberty" prizes

THE "Liberty" Story Contest has aroused tremendous interest throughout the country and thousands of men and women are working to win one (*or both!*) of the $25,000 prizes.

Free pamphlet to help you

The Palmer Institute of Authorship wishes to co-operate in every way possible in this movement to develop new writers, and we have therefore published a pamphlet which we will send you *free* on request. This pamphlet tells

How to write the story synopsis

It tells how to prepare a story synopsis in the form most acceptable to editors and motion picture producers, and we believe you will find it of very great help in this $50,000 "Liberty" Contest. Just mail the coupon and we'll gladly send it to you *free.*

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Without cost or obligation, please send me a copy of your pamphlet, "Writing the Story Synopsis."

Name.....

Address.....

Let us help you win $50,000

SOMEONE is going to win Liberty's big prize contest, and it might as well be you.

A Corona Typewriter will help you. Corona is the accepted writing machine of the screen. Most scenarios are coronatyped — in fact, editors and producers seldom consider a manuscript unless it is typewritten.

"How to prepare contest manuscript" free

We have prepared some clear, simple rules that will help you turn in an acceptable manuscript, together with complete rules and regulations of Liberty's $50,000 contest for the best idea for a moving picture for Gloria Swanson. You can obtain this folder, free, from any Corona Typewriter store or by writing direct to the Corona Typewriter Company, Inc., 168 Main St., Groton, N. Y.

Do it now! $50,000 is worth trying for.

Fannie Hurst

Urges You to Enter

LIBERTY'S GREATEST CONTEST

$50,000 for An Idea

Suitable for a Story for Liberty and for a Motion Picture

Everybody has an idea for a story. (You know what kind you like to read and to see on the screen.) Everybody is eligible to enter Liberty's latest and greatest contest. If you doubt that you can succeed, read what Miss Hurst, the noted novelist, whose screen play, Humoresque, scored one of the greatest successes in the history of the movies, has to say. She has written the following article especially for YOU.

FANNIE HURST Photo by Nickolas Muray

By Fannie Hurst

WHAT a glamorous quest! The quest for an idea. Has it ever occurred to you when caught in a subway jam or a baseball park crush or while seated around a Mah Jongg table or when crossing a busy street, how surrounded you must be by latent ideas smoldering in the minds and the hearts of the people about you?

Unborn ideas.

We are all guilty of them. Some good. Mostly bad. But there they are, clamoring to be born. And the tragedy is that most of them die a-borning. And mixed up with the bad ones are the good ones which never come through. It takes courage, persistence, time, and originality to get an idea out of the limbo of just thinking about it, and translate it into action.

The average person needs to have his idea dynamited out of him. Most of us require some sort of an impulse to start us onward to accomplishment. The intellectual self-starters are few and far between.

A man may walk around with an idea simmering in his head for years and do one of two things: Carry it into action, or else just walk around with it trapped in his brain to the bitter end and then die bitter.

A person who has never written a line of fiction in his life may carry around a brain teeming with ideas, plots, and situations and characters and never dream of getting them out, until an idea contest such as Liberty's throws the stick of dynamite necessary to stimulate him.

Liberty's idea in this contest is to stimulate ideas into action!

A new art has been born. It has been born within our lifetimes.

The motion picture! It is a baby art. It needs new ideas. New writers. The demands of the screen today are insatiable. This new art clamors for a new generation of writers to be born. A new literary dimension is needed.

Is life a vital, throbbing human performance to you?

Do you know with your personal experience and with your imagination the cardinal human emotions?

Well, it is only the combination of these emotions into as many varieties as there are fingerprints that creates the elements contained in good fiction.

We all of us carry about in our every-day lives the ingredients of which fiction is made.

A contest like this stimulates the birth of ideas. For all you know, in the high mortality of ideas that die a-borning, yours may be in the minority group of good ones.

Lower the idea-mortality and get yours born.

It is an exciting literary experience, let me tell you, to trace your idea from its first faint stirrings within your brain to getting it said on paper, then into print and then—and only the authors of our generation have had that supreme thrill—of seeing your characters stalk off the printed page into action on the screen.

There is thrill in that!

It is an exciting quest, this quest after ideas. There may be a prize-winning one under your very own hat.

A contest like this may give you the mental turnover calculated to make you dig out that idea, get it said into words and submit it.

It may be the prize idea. Or, if not that, it may be a good enough idea to bring you to the attention of editors who will stimulate you to dig for more ideas.

It may change your entire point of view about yourself.

It may discover you to yourself.

There is no limit to the world of ideas. It knows neither time clocks nor boundary lines. It is the land of the spirit. The world of intellectual adventure. He who ventures into it is an explorer.

If you have ever been guilty of an idea for a story or a scenario or both, even an old musty one which you have stored away in the attic places of your brain, get it out, brush it up and submit it!

Take an intellectual adventure into the land of fiction!

The prize may be lurking under your very own hat.

Next Week:

Ralph Block,

managing editor of the story department of The Famous Players-Lasky Corporation—who is considered one of the world's foremost authorities on scenario writing—will tell you the kind of ideas it is best to submit in Liberty's great contest. Watch for next week's issue on the newsstands!

A Fortune and World-Wide Fame Are Offered You

HERE are the rules in Liberty's remarkable contest:

1. Liberty and the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation are seeking an idea for a thrilling story of love and action suitable for Liberty and for a Motion Picture. IT MUST BE CLEAN.
Liberty will pay $50,000.00 in Cash to the person or persons who submit the best suggestion in accordance with these rules.

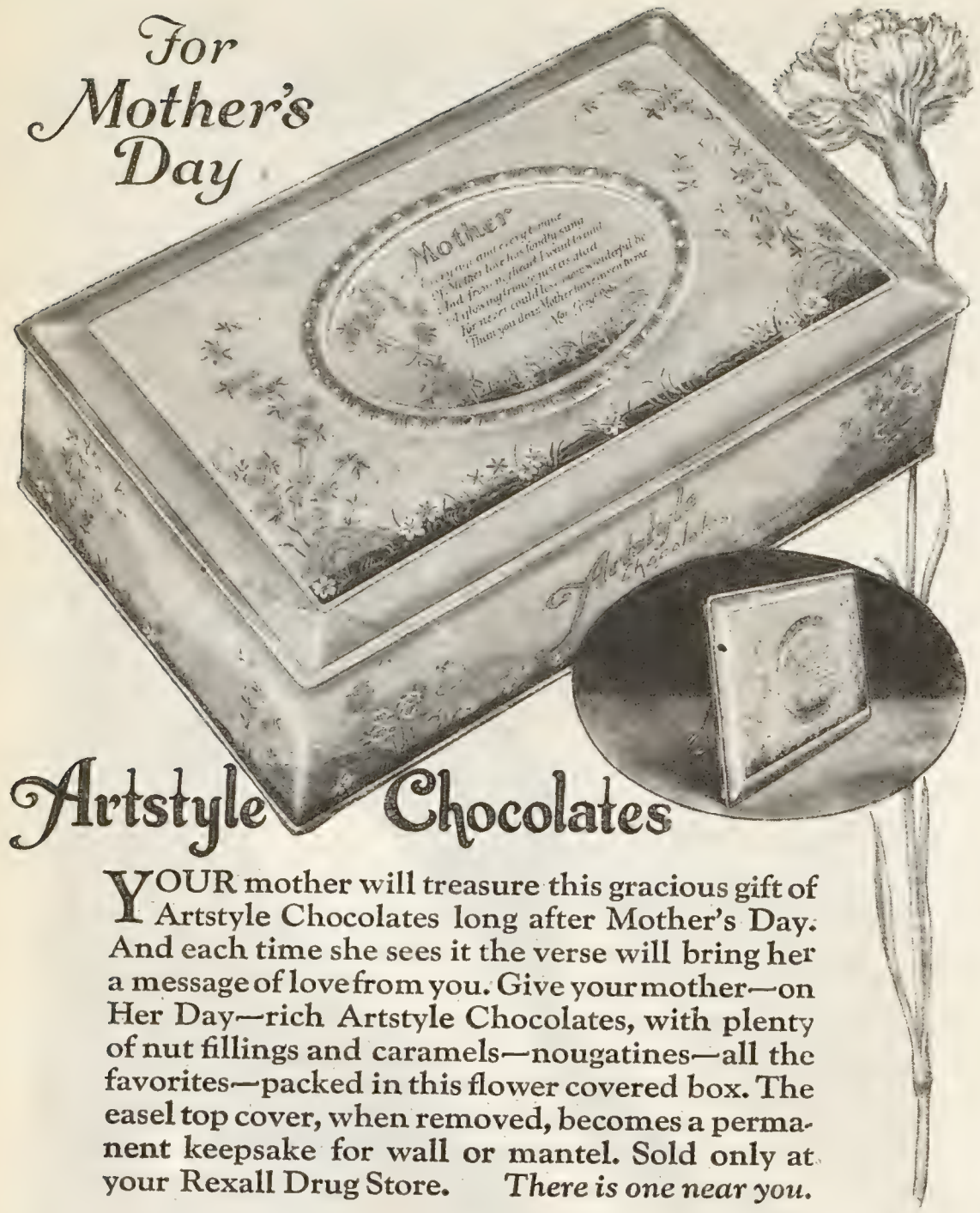
2. The winning suggestion will be written into a novel and will be printed as a serial in Liberty. By special arrangements already made, it will also be produced as a Motion Picture by the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation and will be presented on the screen throughout the world as a Paramount Picture.

3. *In addition* to the $50,000.00 which will be paid for the winning story, Liberty will buy for cash at standard publishing rates any other stories selected by Liberty from those submitted; offers to be made to the authors of such stories before publication.

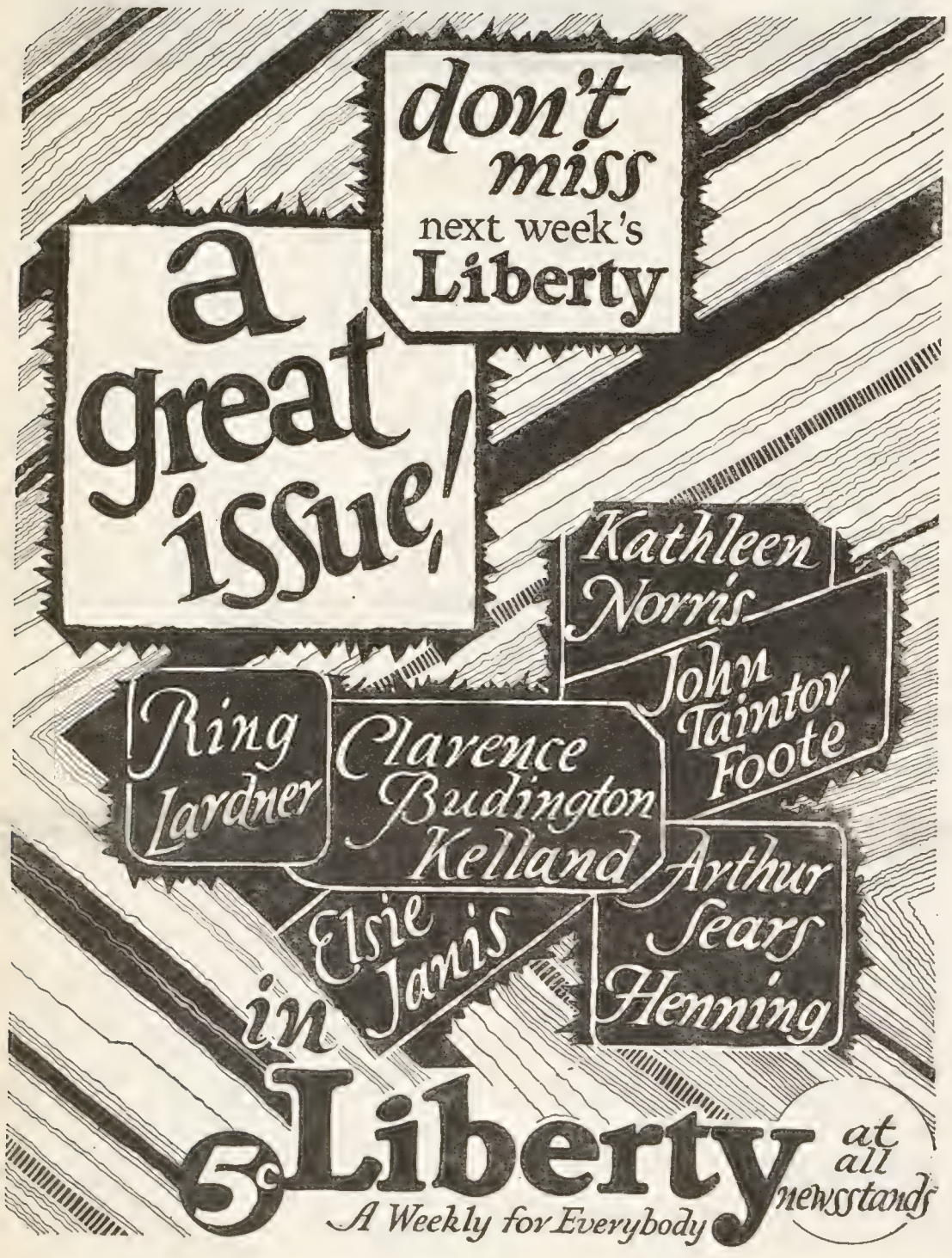
4. What is wanted is AN IDEA. Ability to write fiction is NOT NECESSARY. Liberty wishes to give this opportunity to everyone regardless of ability as a writer. Therefore, the offer is divided into two parts as follows:

Part One provides that you may submit your idea in brief synopsis form. For this synopsis you may use 2,500 words *or less*. By "synopsis" we mean tell in your language the main features of the plot and describe the leading characters which take part in it—the hero, the heroine, the villain,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



YOUR mother will treasure this gracious gift of Artstyle Chocolates long after Mother's Day. And each time she sees it the verse will bring her a message of love from you. Give your mother—on Her Day—rich Artstyle Chocolates, with plenty of nut fillings and caramels—nougatines—all the favorites—packed in this flower covered box. The easel top cover, when removed, becomes a permanent keepsake for wall or mantel. Sold only at your Rexall Drug Store. *There is one near you.*



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etc. *For the best synopsis $25,000.00 in cash will be paid.*

Part Two provides that you may submit your idea in complete story form (ready for publication). For the complete story another $25,000.00 in Cash will be paid.

Everyone who submits a synopsis will be eligible for a prize of $25,000.00.

5. The words "SYNOPSIS FOR $50,000.00 PRIZE STORY" must be written plainly at the top of each synopsis submitted. If the complete story is also submitted the words "COMPLETE STORY" must be written at the top of the first story sheet *and a synopsis properly marked must be attached thereto.* (A synopsis must in all cases be sent.)

6. The winning idea will be selected from the synopses submitted and $25,000.00 (Part One) will be awarded for it. If the complete story shall have been sent with the synopsis that wins the prize and this complete story is acceptable to the Publishers of Liberty, another $25,000.00 (Part Two) will be paid for such complete story. If the story sent with the winning synopsis is not acceptable to the Publishers of Liberty or if no story shall have been sent with the winning synopsis, the Publishers of Liberty will employ an experienced author to write the complete story and will award to such author the $25,000.00 (Part Two).

7. Upon payment by the Publishers of Liberty of the $25,000.00 (Part One) for the synopsis and / or the $25,000.00 (Part Two) for the complete story, the synopsis and the story and all rights to each and both of every kind and nature whatsoever, including the copyright therein and the right to secure copyright therein in all countries, shall become the absolute property of Liberty for use in any manner or for any purpose it may deem proper. The right is reserved to alter or revise the winning entry if necessary.

8. Through the arrangements made by Liberty with the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation—the largest producers and distributors of Motion Pictures in the world—many of the most popular stars are available to produce your story on the screen as a Paramount Picture. Note these: Gloria Swanson, Thomas Meighan, Pola Negri, Bebe Daniels, Richard Dix, Adolphe Menjou, Betty Bronson, Ricardo Cortez, and many others. And in addition such world-famous directors as D. W. Griffith, James Cruze, Herbert Brenon, Allan Dwan, Sidney Olcott, Irvin Willat, William DeMille, and others.

9. Liberty will also endeavor to make arrangements with the prominent theatrical producers—Chas. Frohman, Inc.—for the production of the winning story for the speaking stage.

Liberty will also endeavor to arrange with book publishers for the publication of the story in book form.

All royalties or other income received by Liberty from such speaking stage rights or book publication rights will be paid to the author of the synopsis and the author of the story. If two persons, such sums will be divided equally and an equal half share will be paid to each.

10. The synopsis and story must be one of love and action and must be the original thought and work of the contestant. *It must be clean!*

You've been to the movies. You know the kind of story you would like. Submit your idea. There are no restrictions.

Helpful suggestions will be published each week in Liberty as an aid to those who may wish assistance.

11. The judges will consider synopses and stories by the nature of the plot, the originality of thought, cleverness of idea, clearness of expression, form of presentation, and wording. Writing, English, and spelling will not count in judging synopses.

12. The judges will be a Committee of three—one appointed by Liberty, another appointed by the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, and the third an experienced author. Their decision on all matters will be final.

13. Contestants may submit as many synopses or as many stories as they wish, but each must be submitted in good faith. The name and address of the sender must be written plainly on each entry.

14. All entries must be addressed "Stories," care of Liberty, Post Office Box 1123, Chicago, Ill. To facilitate matters ideas should be submitted AT ONCE! However, no entries will be received later than midnight, June 1st, 1925. Entries with insufficient postage will not be received. The publishers of Liberty will not be responsible for the loss, delay, or nondelivery of entries.

15. This offer is open to everybody, everywhere, except employees of Liberty and the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation and their families. Acceptance of these rules is an express condition of each entry.

* * * * * *

This offer is the largest of its kind ever made. It presents an opportunity to every person regardless of station in life. You do not have to be an experienced author to compete. Anyone may submit his or her ideas.

Because of the size and nature of the offer it is possible that the winner, in addition to receiving a huge cash prize, will become world-famous.

Ideas should be submitted at once. Do not wait! For further details watch Liberty from week to week. Helpful suggestions will be published weekly.

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—Learn my story!

It can't be told in this small advertisement, so I ask you to send for **free trial bottle** and test on a single lock of hair.

It proves what I did for all gray haired people when I perfected my restorer—to renew the color in my own gray hair.

The single lock test proves how easy is application, how perfect results. That my restorer is a clear, clean, colorless liquid.

Mail coupon for absolutely Free Trial Outfit and learn my wonderful story and what it means to you. If possible, enclose a lock of your hair in letter.

MAIL NOW

Please print your name and address

MARY T. GOLDMAN
474-F Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Please send your patented Free Trial Outfit. X shows color of hair: Black....dark brown....medium brown.....auburn (dark red).....light brown....light auburn (light red)....blonde....

Name .....

Street..... City.....

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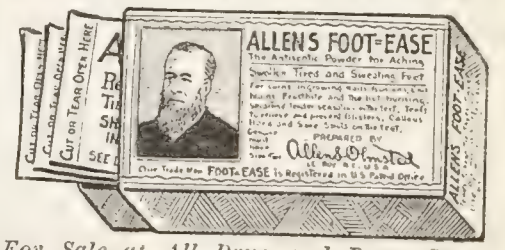
To break in new or tight shoes, Allen's Foot-ease is indispensable. Sprinkle it in each shoe in the morning—walk all day in comfort.

Over One Million five hundred thousand pounds, of powder for the Feet were used by our Army and Navy during the war.

Trial package and a Foot-Ease Walking Doll sent **Free.** Address,

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE, LeRoy, N. Y.
in a Pinch, Use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE



For Sale at All Drug and Dept. Stores.

Air *as a* Leavening Agent

By ETHEL M. SOMERS

Ethel M. Somers, Ph.B., is a graduate of the Department of Home Economics, University of Chicago. She comes to Liberty after six years of teaching experience in both children's and adults' home economics classes. We hope her experience with foods will become yours and that you will bring your problems to her for solution by writing her in care of Liberty, inclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.

AIR PLAYS the role of a leavening agent in sponge and angel food cakes. A maximum amount of air is entangled into the eggs by beating. A minimum amount is lost by a careful folding in of the flavoring and dry ingredients. A thorough expansion is achieved by slow heating in the oven. Hence that delicate, "lacy" texture so toothsome in the air-leavened cakes. Angel food and sponge cake should be so dainty that they fairly melt in your mouth!

Unfortunately, however, the high price of eggs in some seasons makes these delicacies prohibitive even though eggs are a valuable food. Eggs eaten as sponge cake furnish the body with just as much building protein, energy, strengthening mineral matter (notably iron), and invigorating vitamines as they do when served in less palatable forms. Children especially need iron; they crave sweets. Why not combine these wants in a serving of sponge cake or angel food cake served with an egg yolk custard?

The method of preparing such cakes is traditional. Most traditional ways in cookery are founded on scientific principles and reasons. There are real reasons why each step in the given recipes is important. If you wish to create something excellent and worthy of admiration in the way of a sponge or angel food cake—a real work of art—study and take care! Scientific methods are exact and careful. No art can be practiced carelessly and result satisfactorily. Read each direction carefully, evaluate its reason for being and proceed with knowledge and, therefore, prudently.

Above — Angel food cake gayly decorated and ready for the party.

Slicing the cake and topping it with a Bavarian cream mixture, as in the picture at the left, gives an excellent and different dessert service.

Sponge Cake

6 egg whites
6 egg yolks
¼ teaspoon salt
1 cup sugar
3 tablespoons lemon juice
2 teaspoons grated rind
1 cup pastry flour

BEAT the egg yolks until thick and lemon colored. Gradually beat in one-half the sugar, using a mechanical egg beater. Add lemon juice and rind. Beat the whites until frothy, add the salt, beat until stiff and cut and fold the remaining sugar into the whites, using a wire whisk. Gradually sift in the thrice sifted flour and salt, alternating each addition with egg white. Mix these in by cutting and folding with a spatula or egg whisk. Bake, cool, and keep as for angel food cake.

Mock Sponge Cake

3 egg yolks
1½ cups sugar
1 tablespoon of lemon juice
½ cup water
2 cups sifted flour
½ teaspoon salt
2 teaspoons baking powder
3 egg whites

MIX as for sponge cake, adding the water to the beaten yolks at the same time as the lemon juice.

Sunshine Cake

7 egg whites
5 egg yolks
¼ teaspoon cream of tartar
1 cup sugar
1 teaspoon vanilla
⅔ cup flour
⅛ teaspoon salt

Prepare as for sponge cake.

Angel Food Cake

8 egg whites or 1 cup
¾ teaspoon cream tartar
1 cup sugar
¾ cup sifted pastry flour
⅛ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon flavoring

THE eggs used should be cold and fresh for best results. Beat the whites until frothy and add the cream of tartar (this has a decided stiffening effect and thus holds the mixture firm). Continue to beat until stiff and dry. Sift the sugar (which should be fine grained) four or five times. Gradually sift and fold it into the egg white mixture, stirring as little as possible so as not to unnecessarily break down the air cells. Sift the flour and salt together four or five times. Then slowly sift and fold it into the meringue mixture, using a spatula or wire egg whisk. Fold with a stretching up rather than a cutting down motion. (The tendency is to play with the fluffy mixture, stroking it needlessly. Remember that the fewer manipulations the less loss of air and, therefore, the lighter the cake. Make every stroke count!) Add the flavoring with the last bit of flour and turn into an ungreased tube or Turk's head pan (one that has been kept for air-leavened cakes and, therefore, never greased, as greasing toughens the crust). Bake in a slow oven, 325° F. for fifty to sixty minutes. The cake should rise for the first thirty minutes, become delicately browned the next fifteen minutes, and shrink from the edge of the pan the last fifteen minutes. Too hot an oven toughens the cake and makes it heavy. Fireless cookers are excellent for baking such cakes if you haven't a controlled oven. Heat the metal radiators to 350° F. (for about seven minutes) or the soapstone radiators to 300° F. (for about seven minutes) and bake forty-five to sixty minutes. When the cake has shrunk well from the edge of the pan and is thoroughly set, remove it from the oven and invert on a cake rack or cooler, allowing the cake to hang suspended until thoroughly cooled. Then loosen from the pan with a spatula. Keep in a closed metal cake box for one or two days before using, as such cakes ripen and become more tender on standing.

Bavarian Cream

¾ tablespoon of granulated gelatine
¼ cup cold water
1 cup shredded pineapple, or
1 cup crushed strawberries
1½ cups of liquid—fruit juice plus water
½ cup sugar
few grains salt
2 tablespoons of lemon juice
1 cup or more whipped cream

MIX the gelatine and cold water and let it stand until the water is absorbed. Drain the sirup from the pineapple and add enough water to make one and one-half cups. Heat the pineapple, sirup, and water to the boiling temperature. Then pour it over the gelatine mixture. Stir until the gelatine is entirely dissolved. Add the sugar and salt and continue stirring until they are dissolved. Add the lemon juice. Cover and set aside in a cold place until the mixture begins to stiffen. Then fold in the whipped cream and pineapple. Chill thoroughly and serve on top of sliced angel food cake, or increase the proportion of gelatine to one tablespoon and serve from molds as a dessert with cake.

Kathleen Norris' Latest Serial The

A Brilliant Novel of Modern Parents, Amazing Children, and Society's New Moral Code

WHO'S WHO IN THE SECOND INSTALLMENT

JUDY ROGERS, *beautiful, popular in a select circle, is at thirty a devoted wife and the mother of three children. When nineteen years old she had been a nurse, during the war in France. There she met and married*

FORBES ROGERS, *at that time a captain in the army: big, protective, handsome, and a millionaire. Forbes Rogers had brought his lovely Judy home to New York, where she was welcomed by his exclusive set. At the opening of the story, Judy and Forbes are guests at a tea for*

SUZANNE CAROLAN, *nineteen, exquisitely pretty, a debutante-to-be and the last word in "gilded youth." The demure product of a fashionable finishing school, she has a carefully trained voice, frocks that are works of art, and the innocent appearance of a little white lily.*

RHODA CAROLAN, *Suzanne's mother, asks Judy if she may send Suzanne to her that evening for a visit of a few days while the Carolans go to Washington. Judy welcomes the chance to chaperon and study, at first hand, a specimen of the 1925 sub-debutante, in spite of the fact that Forbes's mother, old Mrs. Rogers, is ill. That same evening Judy, Forbes, and Suzanne are to go to a dinner, bridge party, and dance at the Carters. But while dressing for the evening, Judy's happiness suddenly is dashed when Forbes bursts into her room and, in great agitation, asks brusquely whether she knows a man named Muller or one named Etienne la Touche. Judy, numbed by the shock of the question, answers that she once knew La Touche.*

Suzanne looked a stunning slim boy in riding clothes.

"THIS man Muller's story is true, Judy?" Forbes presently asked, not looking at her, and speaking quite naturally.

"I—suppose so."

"I paid him—five thousand apiece for two letters," Forbes added bitterly. "How many has he got?"

"No more. There were only two."

"You're sure of that?"

"Positive. He—he was killed, you know."

"*Who* was killed?" Forbes asked in a silence, harshly, wretchedly.

She hesitated.

"Lieutenant la Touche," she answered slowly. And after a long pause she added awkwardly, "Forbes, I'm sorry."

"Sorry!" he echoed fiercely. And, plunging his hands in his pockets, he walked to the window and stared through the almost drawn curtains at the spring moonlight in the park. "Tell me about it," he commanded briefly. "You went with La Touche to the country?"

"To Barbizon."

"And you—you were there with him?"

"For ten days."

"This man Muller says he drove you about; he had a motor car. He's been two years in America, it appears—saw your portrait in one of the Sunday papers and recognized it."

Judy shrugged indifferently. Now that he had fulfilled his deadly mission, no other detail concerning Muller affected her.

"I was going to smash his face in," Forbes went on, and her heart grew sick within her to hear the wistfully hopeful, the appealing note in his voice. "But he produced the letters. I—I knew what a dirty liar—what a dirty skunk he must be! I—know you, Judy. He's the type that thinks the worst, that glories in it. That's nothing to me—to us. The thing was that the letters might have been construed to mean—well, anything! And it—for the moment—upset me."

A word now, and she was safe! One little word, but she could not say it. She sat silent, looking down, the embroidered skirts spreading about her like the petals of an inverted rose.

"You loved him, Judy?" Forbes asked. "Of course you did," he added hastily as she mutely nodded, faintly frowning. "But—but you weren't more than a child! You're not yet thirty-one, and this was more than ten years ago."

JUDY looked up and spread one hand upon her breast, where the low bodice showed the hint of a deepening line. She pressed her fingers there as if to hold down an actual pain. Her dark eyes, clouded with storm, met his somberly.

"Help me to tell you," she said steadily.

Her husband faced her, the color draining from his honest, good face.

"You mean——?" he began.

"I mean—everything," she answered. And Forbes sat down again and bowed his shoulders before the first rush of his agony and hid his face in his hands. "I was nineteen, Forbes," Judy began presently, "all alone in the whole world, and it was wartime. Values all seemed different then—life seemed, sometimes, too awful to be true, too cheap to worry about. Paris was cold, hungry, suffering; blood was everywhere.

"Etienne had a brother injured and brought to the hospital in Paris where I worked helping the graduate nurses—we talked a few times. And in March we met again, and we used to walk in the Bois—I was free between four and six three days a week—the nicest hours.

"His brother died—that was nothing; they were all dying. But he grieved so—he was alone then, as I was. And in May, when he had his fortnight's leave and I had mine——"

She stopped. Again the sky of Paris was

Unforgivable Sin

Pictures by C. Clyde Squires

blue above her, and above black-clad women, and men in horizon blue. Again breezes blew softly beside the river, scented with green grass and chestnut blooms. Again there was youth, and spring, and hope in the world.

"He felt that he would fall—I knew it!" she resumed. "We were so young—we were so alone! Nobody knew what we did, or cared. I could make him happy."

Silence. Silence.

"You never told me," Forbes said in a lifeless voice.

"No."

"Well——" he said vaguely. He stood up, and Judy, also on her feet, was before him, her hand on his coat lapel, her face raised. And he saw that the dark, agonized eyes were filled with tears.

"Forbes——" she faltered. "If you could forgive me——"

"Oh, forgive *you!*" he echoed impatiently, jerking free. "It's not that. It's everything I ever—thought——"

He was never eloquent. But the broken, awkward phrases touched her with a very agony of pity.

"Forbes—don't think I'm worrying about myself! I'd go out of your life now—today—forever, to undo it—to spare you!"

"You, Judy—*you!*" he muttered, sitting down again. "You've always seemed so different from the others to me—everyone's thought so—my mother and Ellen—everyone thought you were so wonderful! Oh, my God!"

SHE knelt down before him; she encircled him with her bare arms, from which the rich lace slipped free. He framed her face in his hands and looked at her with agony and bewilderment.

"I wish I had him here and could strangle him!" he said, with a sort of sob. "*You.* Weren't there women enough in the world but he had to pick you?"

Judy was miserably silent. And, pushing her aside, Forbes walked to the window.

"I can't stand it!" she heard him mutter. "You don't know what it means to a man! His *wife.* Ah, my God, how can we go on, how can we ever go back, after this!"

"Forbes," the woman said slowly, in a silence, "I'll not ask you to go on. I'll go away. I've always thought," Judy added, in a low tone, as if to herself, "I've always thought that if this happened I'd have to go away. Don't worry about me."

Acid tears stung her eyes again, thickened in her throat. The man turned to look at her

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"I'VE nothing to say to you, Forbes," she said quickly, in a low and somewhat husky voice.

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OFF with that bulging waistline. Melt fat away. At last you can do it safely, easily, comfortably—and without great expense. At last you can regain a trim masculine figure and the vigor that goes with it. Not by cruel starvation diets. Not with harmful, distressing drugs. Not with doubtful, secret methods. There is only one correct way to take fat away—and that is

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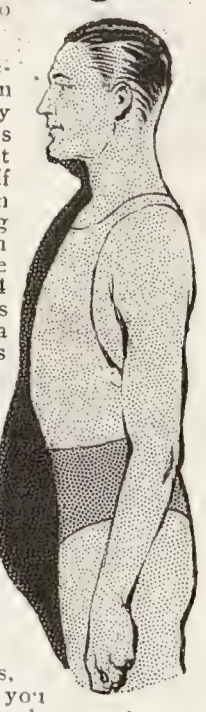
Massage — Science proves — is the only safe, correct, sane way of removing weight and retaining health. It rubs fat away. It tones up the tissues. It invigorates the blood flow and builds up healthy, normal tissue. But masseurs charge big fees. They take up a lot of time. And they are only effective for a half hour or so every now and then.

The remarkable Weil Reducing Belt is always on the job. Day in and day out, hour after hour—as long as you wear it, it works for you. Like a half dozen masseurs in relay massaging fat away with every move you make 4 to 6 inches reduction in a few weeks is quite usual.

Every Move Helps Take it OFF



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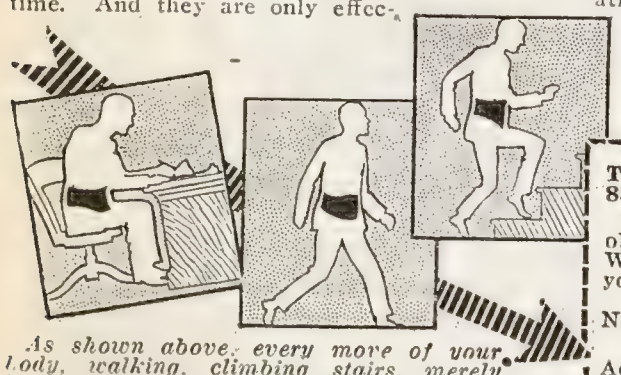

As shown above, every move of your body, walking, climbing stairs, merely breathing as you sit—causes the Weil Belt to massage your abdomen. It is working for you every second.

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Gentlemen:—Please send me, without obligation, complete description of the Weil Scientific Reducing Belt and also your Special 10-Day Trial Offer.

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Address .....

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-FIVE]

dully, and for a long, terrible minute the utter sorrow of it, the suffocating weight of the past, pressed upon them both like a tangible thing.

"What of the children?" he asked irresolutely, suddenly.

"I know——" she whispered briefly, flinging up her head, her lip trembling. And for another moment there was silence.

It was broken by Germaine respectfully entering with messages. If *madame* pleased, Mrs. Rogers would like to see her in the new gown before she went out, and Miss Carolan had arrived.

"Miss Carolan?" Judy echoed mechanically. "Oh, yes—Rhoda's sending us Suzanne!" And in another instant Suzanne, fragrant, golden-haired, wrapped to the tips of her ears in dark furs, was in her arms.

"Oh, Mrs. Rogers, I'm here! Is this a social error?" Suzanne demanded joyfully. "Mother's off with the Leonards; and as I'm going to the Carters' dinner—Sara Carter's my chum, you know—I thought perhaps you wouldn't mind my coming straight here? I'm terribly good—I'm really overscrupulous—you'll love managing me."

Judy managed a smile, a word. Somehow, somehow, the nightmare of the scene was ended; she and Forbes were awake. The machinery of life began to move again. Stiffly, as if rousing her limbs from a deathly coma, she welcomed her guest, sent Forbes off to dress, superintended the settling of Suzanne in a big room across the hall from her own.

Darkly exquisite in silky fringes and flower-embroidered flounces, she went into the elder Mrs. Rogers' room, Suzanne, in pale blue taffeta, beside her. Mary Kate Rogers, seven months old, was there with her nurse, enthralling her always enthralled grandmother. Forbes, very pale, always at his handsomest in evening dress, presently joined them there. There were kisses, good nights. Judy heard her own laughter; was she really laughing again, in this hour for which she had waited so long?

They were down in the car, from which they had so happily entered the house a few hours ago—entered the house, to hear that "a man" was waiting to see Mr. Rogers. The man Muller.

Judy sank into her corner, drew her wrap about her. She felt like a woman of stone.

II.

MORNING. The opal morning of early spring. Judy Rogers saw its first red light clear and cool on her walls; saw it warm to gold and then to pure, clear sunshine; heard the awakening sounds of the park below her window.

She had lain awake all night,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-SIX]

not restless, not in tears, not attempting to sleep; simply thinking. Thinking of what she had done, and of what she must pay.

The old story of the sin that might not be condoned. She had forgotten it in ten happy years; at thirty she seemed to herself another woman from that girl of nineteen with the war-wearied body, the war-horrified eyes, the infinite sorrow and pity and the desperate need to be not always alone in her heart.

JUDY, at nineteen, had been an eager gypsy, trying to serve, trying to live generously the life of war-convulsed France. Who cared what Judy Trezavant did, when young lives were being blown down the wind like leaves, and counted as little?

Etienne had been sad, alone, heartbroken—they had loved each other, wandering like two young deer through the woods of Barbizon. They had helped each other.

He had been killed only a few weeks later—but, then, so many of them were killed! And afterward had come more loneliness, more work, more horror—and suddenly, kind and big and simple in his olive drab, Forbes. What a refuge, what a solid, restful, wonderful element had come into her life with Forbes!

Now she had had eight years, eight educational, broadening years, beside him. Motherhood had come to her, wifehood in its truest sense of companionship and mutual need; she had found her place in the world.

Well, she must lose it again. How, she did not know; nor when. But to learn of his wife, of his children's mother, what he had learned last night, would mean only one thing to Forbes. He could not go on.

And it must be for her, Judy, to make this part of it easy for him. She had deceived him, kept him in ignorance; she owed him that. To whatever arrangement he suggested she must agree. For his mother's sake, perhaps until the old lady's death, they would go on—while Jim and the Carolan child were here, anyway—and until some disposition could be made of the children.

The children! She felt a dry spasm clutch at her throat. Madness to let herself think of her children.

Nor dared she think of Forbes. A love, a pity so exquisite that it was agony, wrung her heart as his simple, trusting smile seemed evoked before her eyes. It would hurt him so—Forbes, who had never hurt a fly.

Well, it was morning; she must get up. No other hands than her mother's had ever given Mary Kate her bath; the boys would be tumbling about the nursery shrieking for mother; the household had its claims, and the old mistress hers. And, besides, she was chaperoning Suzanne. There was a full day ahead.

Forbes's oldest nephew, his sister's boy, Jim Saterlee, would be down from college this afternoon, to spend Easter week with his grandmother. Jim and Suzanne would go to the tea dance at the Regent Hotel, as did all their associates; afterward Suzanne would come back to dress for the Pierces' big dinner, before the Littleton dance. Judy and Forbes had been asked to look in upon the youngsters, thirty of them, at the Pierces' dinner, and they were assuredly expected to go on to the dance.

Life must go on. Judy began the day with an appearance in Forbes's dressing room, before breakfast. She found him alone.

"I've nothing to say to you, Forbes," she said quickly, in a low and somewhat husky voice. "I've been——" Her throat thickened treacherously. "I haven't slept," she said briefly.

He looked haggard, wretched, pale, as he stood, tousle-headed, in his dressing gown, staring steadily at her.

"I've no defense, unless what any woman may say, under these circumstances, is a defense," Judy went on, conscious of rising tears. "I mean that I've grown, I've changed, I'm—different now. But I'm not going to whine——

"You're to decide—whatever's easiest for you and your mother," she recommenced. "I'll—make it as easy for you as I can."

SILENCE. He frowned, and she saw that his own lashes were suddenly misted. A lump pressed painfully in her throat, and her head rocked with pain.

"I didn't sleep, either," he said simply.

"I am chaperoning Suzanne today," Judy said, in a different tone, after a silence. "Jim will take her to the Regent for tea, I suppose."

"Do they go to those damn tea dances alone?" Forbes asked, frowning, fretfully seizing upon the first subject that presented itself.

"I suppose so." Just to be talking to him again, normally, seemed almost unbearably sweet. Judy told herself savagely that she would not cry.

"Well," he said, faint discontent in his tone, "I might drop in at the Regent this afternoon. Since Rhoda's intrusted her to us, we will have to keep an eye on Suzanne!"

Judy nodded, went away into a world that seemed strangely like a dream. Outwardly she was the dark, gentle mistress, the absorbed mother of yesterday. But inwardly she felt corruption, shadow, the icy grip of something far darker and colder than death. The children's new photographs—God, would these be all she had left, in a few months' time! The luncheon Ellen was planning for next week—would the women at that luncheon already be murmuring her name with hushed voices and significant glances?

The serene machinery of the big household moved on. The baby went to sleep; the older children rioted forth with their bicycles; lilacs and lilies scented the decorous silences of the big rooms. Judy, gracious, low-voiced, busy, went downtown on an errand, and returned, to find Suzanne awake, at one o'clock.

SHE had been awake for an hour; she was trailing about now in the lacy draperies that preceded her change to riding clothes.

"I'm not going to lunch, thanks so much, dearest Mrs. Rogers," she explained easily. "I had some coffee in bed—I had a massage this morning; luckily, I could get Erna. I'm riding with somebody at half past one, some perfectly good young man, only I can't remember who. I made the date last night," Suzanne went on, with a whimsical smile for old Mrs. Rogers, "and I haven't the remotest idea which one it was of six young men. However—but look at my hair. Your woman did it—I thought it was perfectly charming of her!"

She preened her golden little head delightedly, like a pigeon, catching her own reflection in a near-by mirror.

"I've got too much on——" Judy heard her murmur, and she rubbed her fresh little face with a wisp of handkerchief.

"I thought those curls of yours were natural, Suzanne," Judy said, smiling.

"Oh, my dear!" the nineteen-year-old answered ruefully, "I have a permanent every other month, and a water-wave almost every day."

"But dearest child—at school? How do you ever find the time?"

"Time?" Suzanne asked in her turn, raising the clean-picked little brows. "Why, we have *oceans* of time!"

She sat relaxed in a deep chair in the elder Mrs. Rogers' room; the invalid eyed her with admiring amusement.

"They are smarter than we were, Judy, these young girls," she commented appreciatively. Suzanne accepted it serenely, as she set her jeweled little wrist watch with a pretty, jeweled little hand.

The two older women watched her depart with an indulgent smile, and Judy lingered in the house until she returned an hour or two later. Suzanne, dressed once more for the tea dance, dutifully presented herself in the old lady's room again, for inspection. She had been deliciously pretty in her negligee, she had looked a stunning slim boy in riding clothes,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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WRIGLEY'S

"after every meal"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-SEVEN]

now she was lovelier than ever in afternoon dress.

She wore a slip of creamy embroidered silk, and a short, babyish coat of white fur, with a red leather belt. Her smart little hat was pushed well down over her fluff of gold hair and peach-bloom face. Her stockings were transparent flesh-color, and her high-heeled shoes much-strapped and perforated patent-leather.

So she was idly sitting when young Jim Saterlee, six foot two, red faced, loud voiced, came in suddenly to see his grandmother, and to fill the house with boyish stir and noise for the six days of the Easter-holiday. Judy watched him, with Suzanne. The girl did not rise, but she flushed significantly as Jim greeted her, and Judy thought she had never seen anything prettier than their two young faces, and their young delight in the prospect of spending their holidays together.

A pang for her own lost youth shot through her. Ah, to be young and clean and ignorant again!

Suzanne and Jim spoke little, and what they did say seemed to her oddly insignificant. Jim, complaining of the day's unusual balminess, observed that he would dive into lighter clothes.

"Regent, hey?" he asserted rather than asked, and Suzanne, watching him in a sort of complacent fascination, gave a faint nod.

"Leave us walk?" Jim asked, and Suzanne, again with a look Judy did not understand, nodded again. It was the look of a baby tiger, dangerous yet soft and sweet. Suzanne had an air of secrecy that was somehow strangely alarming, there was a silken, sinister sureness in her aspect that disquieted Judy.

JIM went off to change, was back within five minutes, looking fresher and handsomer and rosier than ever, and off went youth and beauty in the soft spring afternoon, Judy still idling in her mother-in-law's room, after they had gone, the dreamy, terrible unreality of the day enveloping her once again.

"Judy, who chaperons them?" demanded the old lady, shifting painfully in her draperies, and with a corrugated brow.

"Tonight at Minnie Pierce's dinner, you mean? I don't know, Mummy. Forbes asked that, too," Judy said, trying to rouse herself, trying to be interested. "If you're really concerned, I could telephone and ask. We're going in for a few minutes, I know."

"I wish you would," the old lady said uneasily. "She is such an exquisite little creature, Rhoda'd never forgive us if anything happened while she was away. And about the tea today, too, Judy," she added. "Who chaperons them when they dance? Those public hotels aren't very good places for young girls, it seems to me."

"She's as safe as a church with Jim," Judy assured her, soothingly.

"Yes, but she'll dance with other men than Jim," the other woman persisted.

"But they're so awfully young, Mummy! I'll tell you what I can do," Judy went on, as the anxious look in Mrs. Rogers' eyes did not abate. "That old Frenchman, Monsieur Lebeau, is coming here to have tea with you and me today, and since you're so tired, suppose I walk with him to the Regent—it's only a few squares—and then I can keep an eye upon the youngsters without their resenting it."

"Oh, Judy, if you would!" the old lady said fervently, and Judy felt a fresh pang. Forbes's mother really loved her; what would she say if she knew! What would she feel if she knew?

"Judy, had you any idea that these kids carried on like this?" he asked, his somber eyes upon the

So presently, with the bearded old Frenchman beside her, she entered the big foyer of the Regent Hotel, and asked for a table in the tea room.

THE head waiter shook a regretful head. Impossible, madam, unless there had been a reservation. He shrugged a shoulder toward the flower-banked entrance of the tea room, where young creatures were coming and going, in soft pink and gold light, and from whence came the strains of alluring dance music.

"I think there was a reservation," Judy told him with a steady glance. "For Mrs. Forbes Rogers?"

Two or three disappointed late-comers, standing near, turned at the name; there was nudging, interest. The head waiter bowed low. Certainly there was a table reserved for Mrs. Rogers. This way, if you please, madam.

The room was crowded, the air swooning with heat and sweetness. Sweetness of flowers, perfumes, sweetness of spring. Many of the chairs at the little tables bore only spread wraps; their occupants were dancing in the cleared space in the center of the floor;

shifting figures in the dance. "No," she answered eagerly, hungry just to talk with him again.

dancing slowly, because the press was great, and the couples constantly touched each other as they circled and turned.

The girls' gloves, cigarette holders, exquisite cigarette boxes of gold and jade and onyx, exquisite metal purses in flexible gold and silver, were left at their places, with their glasses and sandwiches. Furs were heaped upon free chairs. Upon almost every girl's shoulder, as she danced, there trembled an orchid, the sickly pink parasite spreading octopuslike talons close to the young face.

Every head was bobbed, curled; every face was creamed and plucked, rouged, powdered, and perfumed. The soft young mouths were thick and morbid with red paint, the soft young hands were tipped with savage-looking pink enamel. All the slim legs were clad in flesh color, all the slippers twinkled. And between the soft, shapeless, uncorseted bodies and the male hands that held them firmly in the dance the brief little silk and chiffon dresses offered less actual protection than had the linen high-necked nightgowns of their grandmothers sixty years ago.

Judy wondered what the Frenchman thought as he watched them appreciatively. She and Forbes had heard much, as indeed all the world did, of this younger set and its extravagances, but their absorption in each other, the country home and the children, and the rather sobering effect of his mother's illness had kept her from any personal knowledge of its ways and manners until this afternoon. She watched with a deep, painful, and presently a horrified interest.

The youngsters danced steadily, seating themselves for refreshments only during the occasional few moments when the music stopped. They appeared not to talk much—monosyllables, and these of a mysterious nature, sufficed them. Hunched, with her shoulders on the table over her long glass, a girl would glance obliquely at the man nearest her when the music began, and at his barely perceptible nod would screw out her cigarette upon a burdened receiver, rise indifferently, and place herself in his arms.

While they were seated at the tables the young men quite undisguisedly took silver flasks from hip pockets and poured their contents into all glasses alike. Judy felt her color flicker when she saw them, and her breath came quick. It was true, then, what one heard about the modern society girls.

PRESENTLY she saw Suzanne, wilted like a flower, bent backward in Jim's arms. Her face was wet with perspiration, and her eyes looked a little heavy; the heat, the closeness, the heavy fragrances, and the cigarette smoke of the room had perhaps wearied her. She was smoking as she danced.

There was something ugly about it; Judy, musing with an uneasy heart, could not quite think what it was. Jim's big hands on the soft little body, Jim's hot breath mingling with Suzanne's. It was not astonishing to see him bend just half an inch nearer, see her raise her lips less than that, and to see their careless kiss.

What else? Judy asked herself, breathlessly. Of course, if they drank, danced in this fashion——

But she felt a little sick. A kiss had its significance, after all, even this rouge-dulled kiss, scented with cigarettes, powder, lip-red, whisky. Somehow, merely hearing of these youngsters and their amusements was only diverting. Actually seeing them was oddly alarming.

Forbes suddenly joined them, and as the Frenchman promptly made his excuses and departed, Judy found herself alone with her husband, her heart pounding uncomfortably, all the agonies of the long day's thoughts returning to her again.

But Forbes, who looked weary and troubled, spoke only of the nearer problem.

"Judy, had you any idea that these kids carried on like this?" he asked, stirring his tea indifferently, his somber eyes upon the shifting figures in the dance.

"No," she answered eagerly, hungry just to talk with him again. "Of course I've heard Rhoda and Helene and some of the other mothers laughing about it—complaining about it. But I never really realized how——" She paused for a word—"how thoroughly *rotten* it was until today."

Copyright: 1925: by Kathleen Norris.

Suzanne—out in the night with a boy who had been drinking almost steadily for twelve hours . . . That was the situation which confronted Judy and Forbes Rogers. Read about it in the third installment, in next week's Liberty.

A Page *of* Movie Reviews *by Alva Taylor*

The Goose Hangs High

Directed by James Cruze
Produced by Paramount

THE CAST:

Lois Ingals ..... *Constance Bennett*
Eunice Ingals ..... *Myrtle Stedman*
Bernard Ingals ..... *George Irving*
Dagmar Carroll ..... *Esther Ralston*
Hugh Ingals ..... *William R. Otis, Jr.*
Bradley Ingals ..... *Edward Piel, Jr.*
Granny ..... *Gertrude Claire*
Elliott Kimberly ..... *James A. Marcus*
Rhoda ..... *Anne Schaefer*

Myrtle Stedman

THE GOOSE HANGS HIGH is one of the most worth-while screen achievements of the season. With no heralding of brilliant stars, no pomp and ceremony, it passes over the screen, spontaneous, remarkably human in its appeal, and full to the brim of the finest direction.

It's a picture for the family, and of a real family, not one of those groups which one has become accustomed to see in the movies as representing a mother, father, and some children, bound together by ties of flesh and blood. It's a family such as might live next door to you. The people in it are so real that as you watch their joys and sorrows you forget it is a moving picture and not a page out of some real family's life.

It tells of the Ingals family on Christmas Eve and Christmas Day. But it doesn't bother to tell of them three years before and ten months after. So well is the picture directed that you know all about the Ingals just from what they do in twenty-four hours.

Constance Bennett

The Ingals are not rich. The parents make sacrifices so that two of the children may go to college. This boy and girl come home for the holidays with gifts for their parents that fit, strangely enough, into their own private desires. The picture is an admirable adaptation of the stage play by Lewis Beach.

George Irving

You should not miss The Goose Hangs High if you want to keep up with the best there is in the movies, and want to have a good time while doing so. I hope you enjoy it as much as I did.

Recompense

Directed by Harry Beaumont
Produced by Warner Brothers

THE CAST:

Julie Gamelyn ..... *Marie Prevost*
Peter Graham ..... *Monte Blue*
Doctor Sampson ..... *John Roche*
Stenhouse ..... *George Siegman*
Angelica ..... *Virginia Brown Faire*

Marie Prevost

RECOMPENSE, a sequel to Simon Called Peter, was probably seized upon as another vehicle fit for the popular team of Marie Prevost and Monte Blue, but outside of presenting that pair to the public, it has little, if anything, to offer as screen entertainment.

Mr. Robert Keable's novel is a wandering affair, and the film faithfully takes in every way station. In it we again find the gay and irrepressible Julie, South African nurse, rendered studiedly gay and irrepressible by Miss Prevost, and her long suffering chaplain lover, Peter, played by Mr. Blue, who can suffer better than most before the camera.

Peter and Julie make love against backgrounds of exploding German shells, treachery in the African veldt, a moonlit garden, and the Limehouse slums.

The picture is carefully produced and handsomely mounted. It has been directed without an ounce of originality and the work of the principals suffers from this. Followers of Miss Prevost and Mr. Blue will enjoy it.

On Thin Ice

Directed by Mal St. Clair
Produced by Warner Bros.

THE CAST:

Charles "Chuck" White ... *Tom Moore*
Rose Lore ..... *Edith Roberts*
Dapper Crawford ... *William Russell*
Dr. Paul Jackson ... *Theodore von Eltz*

Edith Roberts

ON THIN ICE is a most entertaining crook melodrama. It has a good story, plenty of suspense, comedy, a pleasing set of actors, and it moves right along to a conventional enough ending, it is true, but a satisfying one. In fact, the whole story might be said to have all the earmarks of a conventional crook play, but since it is an interesting one, what matters?

The plot centers about a bank robbery, a long lost brother, and a beautiful and honest girl. It is not the kind of picture in which you play a game with yourself to guess the outcome of the mystery, for you are always quite certain that Tom Moore will get the girl in the last reel.

It's worth while dropping in to see On Thin Ice if you like crook plays.

The Denial

Directed by Hobart Henley
Produced by Metro-Goldwyn

THE CAST:

Mildred ..... *Claire Windsor*
Arthur ..... *Bert Roach*
Lyman ..... *William Haines*
James ..... *Edward Connelly*
Dorothy ..... *Lucille Ricksen*
Bob ..... *Robert Agnew*
Rena ..... *Emily Fitzroy*
Effie ..... *Vivian Ogden*

Claire Windsor

THE DENIAL is one of those pictures popular when the movies were younger than they are now, which depend upon a throwback for their drama. It is the type of picture in which mother forbids daughter to marry the young man with whom the girl is in love, and then proceeds to daydream upon her own youth when her mother, in turn, had ruined her life by a similar tyrannical act. Having finished her reverie over a lost happiness mother rushes to daughter to offer apologies and a blessing.

There's nothing new in material in this picture. Its claims to entertainment consist of various and sundry comic sequences, and the opportunity of seeing attractive Claire Windsor in a dual role. Claire is the mother in the beginning of the picture, and the daughter in the middle portion.

Robert Agnew

The bulk of the picture being the story of her youth, we are treated most of the time to such antiquated specimens as horse cars, the extremely different hair dressing of about twenty years back, and the equally different kind of clothing worn by the women.

Lucille Ricksen

The film, although lacking in novelty, is smoothly directed and runs along without causing one to fidget in one's seat, and wonder when it will be time for the final fade-out.

It is a picture you can afford to miss, but not one to avoid.

Next Week

SALLY
A First National Picture

THE DRESSMAKER FROM PARIS
A Paramount Picture

THE AIR MAIL
A Paramount Picture

SEVEN CHANCES
A Metro-Goldwyn Picture

ROSES—SPANISH AND AMERICAN

A FLOWER OF SPAIN, some bright director plucked Helen D'Algy for the bouquet of stars in Valentino's Sainted Devil. As a matter of fact, Miss D'Algy was the one who carried our hero off after the various vamps had had their tries. A startling brunette, she is much in demand now.

A REAL AMERICAN BEAUTY, Miss Sally Long, formerly of the musical comedy stage, had one brief taste of screen life as a model in The Dressmaker from Paris, but that was enough to be her undoing. Now the films have gained another beauty to soothe the eye and stuff the box office.

Captions by ALVA TAYLOR

Edwin Bower Hesser Photos

Full Speed

A Short Story of a Sailor Who

Pictures by ANTON

John T. Rowland is well qualified to write of the sea, for he has lived upon it. He has shipped on fishing boats, coasters, yachts, and steamships. He has taken several boats to Labrador for Doctor Grenfell, medical missionary, and was skipper of a thirty-foot auxiliary yawl which made the voyage to Baffin Land. During the war he was an officer on the U. S. S. Wilkes, a destroyer operating in European waters.

FROM the wing of the Sarvelo's bridge I studied Captain MacArthur's grimly alert face with something between awe and consternation, the former at thought of what the man must have lived through, the latter owing to the shattering of a youthful ideal. At twenty one's idols fall hard, and MacArthur had just suffered such a fall in my estimation.

Had not the cabin steward identified MacArthur positively by a tattoo mark on the shoulder I would not have believed it possible that this could be the same man who twenty years before had been guilty of one of the most flagrant perversions of duty in the annals of the sea. The case made such a stir at the time that even landsmen were talking about it, and the daily papers printed extracts from the Rules of the Road.

Young MacArthur, then chief mate of the steamship Golden Gate, a tramp of three thousand tons, was approaching South Shoal lightship in a thick fog when the big mail steamship Cimmerian loomed up, crossing his bows. It was a question which would get to the point of intersection first, and MacArthur, merely because he had a technical right of way, jammed on full speed and signaled the liner to keep away. The Cimmerian was unable to do so,

"I'LL take you to hell, you bloody murderer!" Hennessey yelled.

AHEAD

Dared to Take a Chance

By JOHN T. ROWLAND

OTTO FISCHER

with the result that she cut the Golden Gate in two and sent the smaller vessel to the bottom like a rock.

The tramp's skipper burst out of the charthouse, where he had gone for a moment to look up tidal data, too late to avert the catastrophe. MacArthur and the quartermaster on the bridge were the only people saved out of the Golden Gate's complement of thirty.

MacArthur was indicted on a charge of manslaughter, but was acquitted. However, he forfeited his officer's papers, and soon disappeared from sight. The last heard of him was when he shipped as ordinary seaman on a British windjammer bound round the Horn for Australia.

Our Captain MacArthur was a man of about fifty, iron gray over the temples, and with the face of an admiral. He had come into our service at the close of the war by way of the British merchant marine, in which he held unlimited master's papers for all oceans—the highest professional award a sailor can win. What a nerve of iron the man must have possessed!

As I thought of this, it seemed quite characteristic that he had not even taken the precaution to change his name. The mate of the Golden Gate was James D. MacArthur. (So much I remembered from the course in seamanship at cadet school, where his act had been held up to us as a horrible example.) Our skipper signed himself Doyle MacArthur: for some reason he omitted to use his Christian name.

THESE matters still occupied my mind when I came off watch at noon. The officers' quarters on the Sarvelo were in the forward superstructure, abaft the charthouse. My room was the last on the corridor, and as I passed the chief mate's cabin I heard a murmur of voices behind the door.

"Come in, youngster," called Hennessey, our chief, hearing my step in the passage.

It struck me as being queer that he was not on the bridge, considering the state of the weather (it was thick of fog) and the fact that we would be off Sandy Hook in a few hours' time; but it was the second's watch, and MacArthur had never been a man to ride his mates.

To my surprise, I found the third mate, the purser, and the first assistant engineer all jammed into the small cabin, looking as solemn as judges.

My entrance caused a lull in the conversation, but when I had found a seat on the corner of the transom and the door was shut again Hennessey explained to me rather curtly the purpose of the meeting. It was nothing less than a conspiracy to expose Captain MacArthur and have him sacked. I pretended to be surprised, for the room steward had given me his information in confidence.

"But, Mr. Hennessey," I objected, "suppose there's a mistake! After all, no tattoo mark is a positive proof of identity." You see, I had been in the East enough to know that certain "artists" have their favorite designs.

"That's something for the inspectors to look into," the mate snapped back. "Our duty is to tell them what we suspect. But it's not fair to ask *me* to shoulder the burden."

"No reason why you should," the purser cut

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Fletcher's
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MOTHER:— Fletcher's Castoria is especially prepared to relieve Infants in arms and Children all ages of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and, by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving natural sleep.

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-THREE]

in. "None of us relish taking orders from a —— murderer!"

The others nodded at this, and Hennessey looked relieved. I suppose if I had liked him and had not liked the Old Man, the proposition would have struck me as perfectly proper—a disagreeable duty to be borne by the ship's officers as a body. But some shreds of glory — tragic glory now — still clung to my notion of MacArthur, and I could not help remembering that Mr. Hennessey had waited for command a long while. So I shook my head.

"Please leave me out of your plans," I said, with all the hauteur of youth.

Hennessey flushed and flashed me a look of hostility. Its intensity amazed me. I knew at once I'd have to hunt another berth, or my career was as good as ruined. This fact raised my gorge and lent me a sort of desperate courage.

"I'm junior here, but still I have some notions of common decency," I proclaimed. "You're all scared to go to the Old Man and face him with what you suspect—you're a lot of yellow curs, looking to knife a man in the dark! For my part, I don't care if Captain MacArthur did make a bad error of judgment twenty years ago; I'd trust him today ahead of any man I know."

I LOOKED straight at Hennessey when I said this, and no one in the room could well have mistaken my meaning. It would not have surprised me if he had sprung at my throat. In fact, I was rather disappointed when he did not. He leaned back against the bulkhead and his face went white; nevertheless, he was the first person there to regain control of his tongue.

"Suppose you go and ask the Old Man yourself, then," he suggested, in a surprisingly even voice.

"If you'll agree to suspend action, I will," I flashed back. "I'll ask him before we get to quarantine."

"Good!" said Hennessey; but the others, I thought, looked rather scared. However, the chief mate got on his feet and took his slicker from a hook on the wall. "I'm going on the bridge," he said. "I'll be watching for you, kid. Better not lose your nerve."

The ship was slowed down, and her whistle boomed its warning at minute intervals through the fog. On just such a day young MacArthur had taken the bridge twenty years ago to do the foolish thing that was to blast his life and wipe out the lives of twenty-eight of those on board.

The regular rotation of watches would not bring me on the bridge again on the voyage: entering the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Rivals the beauty of the Scarlet Tanager

Which Point Will You Have?

1—Extra fine like this
2—Fine like this
3—Medium—like this
4—Broad like this
5—Stub like this

You can get all five degrees in the classic Duofold Pens

And All Points Guaranteed for 25 Years' Wear

FOR what kind of writing do you use a pen? How do you hold it? And what style of writing is entirely natural to your hand?

Close figure work or fine memoranda, for example, call for a fine or an extra-fine point. But the medium point, the broad, or the stub—these give one's penmanship a personality and character that make mighty valuable impressions in a paper, a letter or a signature.

These are reasons why, in the classic Duofold Pens, Geo. S. Parker gives the world the whole five degrees of points that the five degrees of writing require.

Points you can lend without a tremor, for no style of writing can distort them. Points that we guarantee, if not mistreated, for 25 years' WEAR.

And every point set in a shapely, hand-balanced barrel that feels so inspiring you hate to lay it down.

Any good pen counter will sell you this beauty on 30 days' approval.

THE PARKER PEN CO.
JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN
Duofold Pencils to match the pens: Lady, $3; Over-size Jr., $3.50 "Big Brother" Over-size, $4
NEW YORK · CHICAGO
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Red and Black Color Combination Reg. Trade Mark U. S. Pat. Office

Parker Duofold $7
LUCKY CURVE
OVER-SIZE
With The 25 Year Point

Duofold Jr. $5 Same except for size

Lady Duofold $5 With ring for chatelaine

"Good!" said Hennessey. "I'm going on the bridge. I'll be watching for you, kid. Better not lose your nerve."

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-FOUR]

harbor my station would be on the forecastle-head with the mate. Nevertheless my feet led me to the ladder, and almost before I knew it I had ducked into the little shelter on the port wing of the bridge.

Nearing port in a thick fog is about the most likely time to see something doing, and no doubt it was that which Captain MacArthur supposed brought me there now. . . . He paced slowly to and fro near the center. The chief mate leaned against the rail and stared ahead. He gave me just one look, and then turned his head. The second, whose watch it was, stood on the starboard side, close to the engine-room annunciator, and occasionally put out a hand to make sure it was within reach.

NOBODY paid the least attention to me. A 'prentice officer has plenty of training in plucking up his nerve, and I did not worry much about being able to speak my piece when the time came. But there was no hurry; what I wanted first was to study MacArthur and try to settle the doubt in my mind. . . .

"Broad off the port bow, sir!" barked Hennessey all at once, pointing.

The skipper nodded. It oozed through my brain that a steamer's whistle had sounded far off, faintly, through the fog. I listened intently and at the proper interval it came again, this time louder, a deep bass rumble, considerably prolonged.

"Drawing abeam on the port hand, sir," the second gave his opinion.

"It sounds that way, but you can't trust a fog," was MacArthur's terse comment.

From the pitch of the other ship's whistle and the speed with which she came on even I knew she must be some big liner just limbering up to her stride. The law decrees half speed in fog, but her half speed would be equal in all likelihood to our own full speed. This meant, of course, that we were approaching each other at something like twenty knots—or nearly half a mile between successive blasts of the whistle. Only the bearing of the sound could tell whether we were moving out of her path or blundering directly into it. Under these conditions there was nearly as much risk in stopping as in keeping on.

A sense of uneasiness took hold of me and this was not lessened when the approaching ship's next blast was drowned almost instantly by our own.

"Stop that whistle!" shouted the Old Man. But it was too late; the other ceased before we could catch its direction. It was very much louder than before, but I could tell only that it came from somewhere ahead.

MacArthur stepped back a pace and thrust his hands into his trousers pockets, a trick he had when anxious. Ninety-nine skippers out of a hundred would have backed their engines and given the other fellow three blasts. This would pass the buck and one might then await events calm in the knowledge that whatever happened he was not to blame. Legally, that is; because actually, of course, it might be the very act needed to cause a collision.

The Old Man's face was a mask, yet I could imagine that his brain was working at top speed—estimating the situation and weighing chances. His duty was to avoid collision; no mere perfunctory obedience of the rules——

"Full speed ahead. Helm hard aport. Give him one short blast."

The commands were rapped out in a cool, even voice, yet we all stood aghast, astounded at the chance he was taking. At the first word the second officer had sprung to the annunciator, but he stood there with his hand gripping the handle and a frightened stare on his round face, his arm refusing to ring in the command to the engines.

MacArthur swung so that his back was toward me. He took one stride toward the astonished second mate, but before he could reach even the center of the bridge Hennessey let out a shout and pointed.

We all looked. Looming through the fog over the port bow was the stem of a great ship, rushing straight for us with the water curling back along her black side.

"GOD!" screamed the second, and threw up his hands.

Hennessey, however, kept his wits. He gained the annunciator in a bound and slammed the handle down to *full speed astern.* Then he spun around and faced the skipper with drawn pistol.

I jumped for the whistle cord to sound the three blasts which would conform with the actual behavior of our engines. It had flashed through my head, as such things will do in a crisis, that, above all, we must not signal one thing and do another.

But Captain MacArthur seemed to read my mind.

"*One* blast, my lad!" he said coolly, and the next instant he thrust Hennessey back, ignored the revolver muzzle, which almost touched his jacket and swung the handle of the

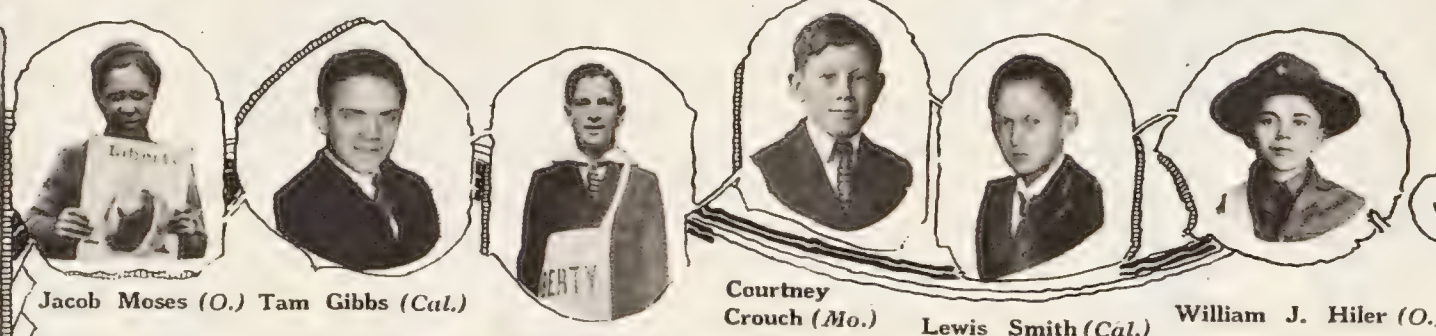
[CONTINUED ON PAGE FIFTY-SEVEN]

Boys! have you heard about the great Liberty Boy Organization?

Read how thousands of boys are making money every week, selling Liberty Magazine ~ also getting extra sporting-goods prizes free ... You can join now ... No money, no experience needed ... Work in your own neighbor-hood-in spare time ... *Send Coupon*

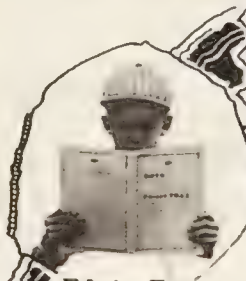
Got His Bicycle Free
Here's a photograph of David Rankin, Jr., on his new full size bicycle which he earned selling Liberty Magazines—just working in spare time. You can get all kinds of prizes free. Send coupon for free prize catalog.

David Rankin, Jr. *(Pa.)*

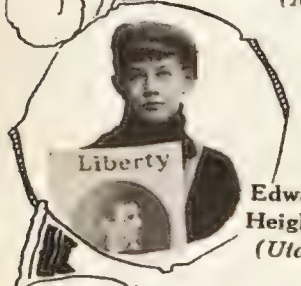


Jacob Moses *(O.)* Tam Gibbs *(Cal.)* Louis Fox *(Md.)* Courtney Crouch *(Mo.)* Lewis Smith *(Cal.)* William J. Hiler *(O.)*

Ask Mother and Dad about joining the Liberty Boy Organization in your city. Let them read this letter from a Liberty Boy's father. You will be independent, too. Make your own spending money. No interference with school, play or other duties. Mail the coupon.



Edwin Eaton *(Mo.)*



Edward Heightman *(Utah)*

Henry Mann *(Utah)*

Thomas McRone *(Pa.)*

Thomas Hickey *(Cal.)*

Look at these happy Liberty boys. Only a few months ago they began selling Liberty Magazine—in spare time. Now they have regular routes established and are making a steady weekly income, and getting wonderful free prizes besides. What's keeping you from joining these money-makers? Why not use your spare time and also make money week in and week out? You don't need one penny to start. Work right in your own neighborhood, delivering and selling Liberty to customers, after school or on Saturdays; you still can have a lot of time over for play and other duties.

Let Dad and Mother read this letter from the father of a Liberty Boy Salesman: "Gentlemen: Our boy is selling many magazines every week. He can sell more, but we feel if he sells after school a few evenings and plays the rest of the time that he would love his work more and be a far better salesman when he is older. He is timid, and this experience is worth real money to him. He is learning duty and responsibility. I should like to say that you are having a beneficial influence upon hundreds of boys who are selling Liberty . . . R. C. Baumgardner of Minnesota."

Let us send the official Liberty Boy Salesman booklet, which tells all about what the boys are doing, also prints their names, letters, and photographs. We also will send the catalog of free prizes and show you how easy it is to get almost anything you want: bicycle, radio, baseball suit, ball, bat, mitt, fishing and camping outfit, saxophone, kodak, etc. The Liberty distributor in your city will gladly show you how to start making money the first day and every week thereafter; also furnish carrier bag and magazines. He's always a jolly good fellow and a selected, reliable man. Don't be bashful. Here's a real chance to begin in a manly business and make money every week. Let us send you complete information. Mail the coupon today.

Send this Coupon for details

Liberty Magazine, Boy Sales Division,
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Gentlemen: Please tell me how I can join your organization of Boy Salesmen and make money.

Name .....

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City .....

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Saves $5 to $10 a Year

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The INGERSOLL DOLLAR STROPPER is constructed on an entirely new principle. It is so designed as to automatically bring the edge of the blade in contact with the leather strop at the proper angle, thus insuring a keen cutting edge. It can be used by anyone without skill or practice. The user cannot fail to get a supersharp edge. Thousands already know the joys of better shaves through this wonderful device. Prove the Ingersoll Stropper is all we say for it. It costs no more than a few blades and by resharpening dull blades will save you from $5 to $10 a year. Send $1.00 for complete outfit, including patent Stropper (blade holder) and fine leather Strop. Use it 10 days and if you do not get the most comfortable, quickest and cleanest shaves you ever had, return it and we will return your $1, at once.

Wanted
Ambitious men to become agents. No experience needed. Quick sales, constant repeat business, fine profits. Write today for Agents' Plan.

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I enclose $1, for which send me one Ingersoll Dollar Stropper complete, including the Ingersoll Specially Prepared Leather Strop. It is understood that I can return the Stropper in 10 days if not satisfied, and that you will return my dollar.

Name .....

Address .....

Make of Razor Used.....

Corns

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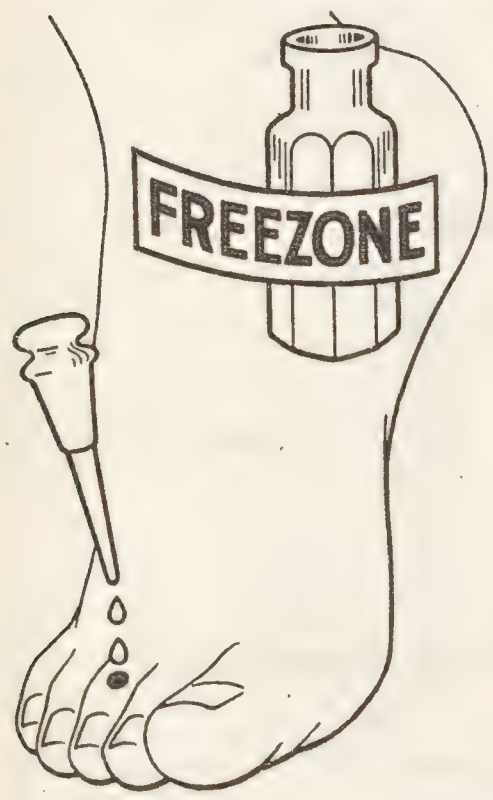


Doesn't hurt one bit! Drop a little "Freezone" on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off with fingers.

Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freezone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the foot calluses, without soreness or irritation.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-FIVE]

annunciator clear through its arc to *full speed ahead.*

I took in the situation in a glance. It was desperate enough. With our own bow swinging slowly to starboard and our engines pounding at top speed, we were forging directly across the big liner's path. Certainly if we had stopped or backed there would have been a collision just the same, but it would have been a glancing one, with some damage done to both ships. Moreover, no one could have said that we were in the wrong. But this way our whole side lay exposed at right angles to the sharp, lean stem of the other ship. Hardly feeling the shock herself, the liner would cut us in two like a knife!

I glanced back at Hennessey and saw a strange look on his face. He still held the revolver, and he was measuring the distance between the two ships. Something told me that when we struck that revolver would go off.

IF MacArthur was conscious of this, he gave no sign. The Sarvelo every instant gathered speed. The other ship was swinging also—fast for such a big hulk—and the water boiling under her stern showed that her engines were backing full. Her stem, which at first had threatened our bow, shifted its aim slowly aft along our side; but it was coming closer, how rapidly the swirling water showed.

"She'll strike us at the after well," I heard my voice saying in a conversational tone. Captain MacArthur shot me a glance, and his gray eyes, ordinarily stony in expression, fairly sparkled. "Tell the man at the wheel to shift his helm," he commanded, crisply.

You may be sure I lost no time about obeying. As soon as this was done the Sarvelo began to turn to port; that is, in the direction opposite to what she had done before. The Old Man crossed quickly to where I stood—on the threatened side. He glanced quickly aft along the Sarvelo's run. I noticed then for the first time that our stern swung rapidly away from the liner's bow. She was so close that you could see the scared faces of the passengers on her deck.

Before I could realize it the two ships lay side to side, with the sea boiling between. MacArthur sprang up on the railing and waved his cap to attract the notice of the officers, whose white faces showed above the weather-cloth on the other's bridge.

"Stop your engines," he shouted, "and we'll go past all right." Over his shoulder he flung us the one word: "*Stop.*"

The second mate suddenly collected his wits and executed the command. Then he turned and shouted to the bo's'un out on the forecastle-head to get his fenders over. As though a knot of old rope could have lessened the impact of twenty thousand tons!

However, the fenders were not needed. With scarcely ten yards between their sides the two ships slid past one another and presently there was open water between their sterns.

"Now, Mr. Hennessey," said the Old Man, "you may put that revolver away." He half turned and gave an order to the wheel.

The chief mate had sagged back against the rail and the look in his face I saw afterward in my sleep.

"I'll take you to hell, you bloody murderer!" Hennessey yelled, and the pistol went off.

MacArthur stiffened and clapped a hand to his breast. Before Hennessey could fire again the second mate wrenched the weapon out of his hand.

"Get away, you damn fool!" he sputtered. "What do you want to shoot him for *now?*"

"Because he risked his ship and all our lives," said Hennessey hoarsely. "He only got by on a fluke."

MacArthur meantime had staggered to the rail. He stood supporting himself with both hands and there was a red blotch spreading on the breast of his coat.

"So I did, Hennessey," he retorted between gasps. "And I'd do the same thing again—just as I've done it before."

"For the sake of a cheap grand stand play?" snarled the other with a curse.

"No—" MacArthur replied slowly. "No—you misunderstand, Hennessey. For the sake of the passengers on the other ship."

IT was the chief mate after all who brought the Sarvelo into port. He stood on the bridge and gave his orders in a voice that a man at his elbow could scarcely hear. When we dropped our hook off quarantine Hennessey went into the captain's cabin and was in there with the ship's doctor a long while. I stood the anchor watch on the bridge, and he came up there at last, walking like a man in a trance.

"The old man will pull through," he announced, "and he told the surgeon my gun went off by mistake."

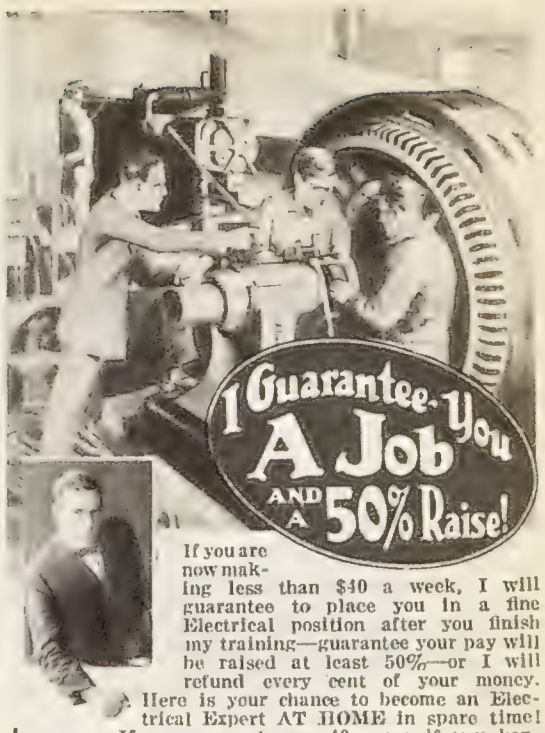
"Which is lucky for you," I said in rather a dry voice. I'd already learned that the wound was superficial.

"Lucky? Oh, yes . . . But, see here: I've found out that yarn of the steward's was all rot. This Old Man has a flying stork tattooed on his left shoulder; the other MacArthur had one on his *right*—I must find the rest of the gang and tell them. . . . "

I gave him a shove toward the ladder.

"You'd better hurry," I said, "before the story has time to get around."

THE END



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Be a Beauty If You Can

By Edna Wallace Hopper

I was rather a plain girl, but I went to France at an early age to learn the best that beauty science offered. I became a famous beauty, and attained in that way a glorious career on the stage.

Since then I have made many trips to France. There, and everywhere, I have sought the best helps in existence. As a result, at a grandmother's age, I retain my beauty. I still look like a girl.

Now I am placing the helps I found at every woman's call. Toilet counters everywhere supply them. I send free tests to anyone who asks. And I urge all girls and women to learn the benefits these matchless aids can bring.

My Rosy Bloom.

I found in France a liquid cleanser, used by famous beauties there. It contains no animal, no vegetable fat. It cannot assimilate in any way with the skin. It simply cleans to the depths, then departs. I call this product my Facial Youth. One use will give you a new conception of what a clean skin means.

I use a super-cream called my Youth Cream. It contains a dozen ingredients which experts have advised for me. These include products of both lemon and strawberry. Also the best that science knows to foster, feed and protect the skin. A test of Youth Cream will amaze and delight you.

White Youth Clay

Clay is the greatest help that women can employ. But not the crude and muddy clays so many have applied. I use a clay which is the final result of 20 years of scientific study. It is white, refined and dainty. And it combines many helps beside clay.

I call it my White Youth Clay. It purges the skin of all that clogs and mars it, the causes of blackheads and blemishes. It combats all lines and wrinkles. It causes a rosy afterglow by bringing the blood to the skin. Many women seem to drop ten years in one application. No girl or woman can look her best without the use of clay.

My Envied Hair

My hair is thick, lustrous and luxuriant. The thousands who see me daily on the stage wonder at its glory. I have never had falling hair or dandruff, never a touch of gray. In fact, my hair is finer than 40 years ago.

This I owe to my Hair Youth. It combines many helps in one. I supply it directly to the scalp with an eyedropper. There it combats all that stifles the hair roots. It stimulates and tones. I never met a woman who found anything to bring comparable results. I wish all women who love beautiful hair would learn what Hair Youth does.

All druggists and toilet counters now supply Edna Wallace Hopper's beauty aids exactly as I use them. Mail this coupon for a sample of any, stating which you want. My Beauty Book will come with it. If the sample delights you, get my products at your store. Clip coupon now.

Your Choice Free

Mark sample desired. Mail to Edna Wallace Hopper, 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill. 916L

( ) White Youth Clay ( ) Youth Cream
( ) Facial Youth ( ) Hair Youth

Name .....

Address .....

Good Temper *vs.* New Shoes

By HUGH FULLERTON

Picture by R. B. FULLER

After an hour or two of sulking and anointing his feet with witch hazel he became normal.

"I love everything that's old: old friends, old times, old manners, old books, old wine."

And Goldsmith should have added: *"Old shoes."*

A FRIEND of mine recently bought a pair of expensive shoes. They were well made, yet rather heavier than he usually wears, and were fitted carefully. He decided to wear them to the office the next day and break them in. His business is large and requires him to meet many persons. It happened that on the day he decided to break in the new shoes there was an important conference to decide a matter involving promotions, a hearing in court over a settlement of a long-drawn-out suit, the opening of bids on a big contract, and a number of smaller matters.

In the subway, on his way to the office, he had to stand, and immediately began to regret having decided to break in those new shoes that day. In getting off the train someone stepped on his foot and crushed the toe of the new shoe so that the leather rubbed his favorite corn. He reached the office, bawled out the stenographer and telephone girl, and sat down at his desk. The room was warm, and presently his feet felt like sciatica and lumbago in combat.

By the time of the conference he was irritable, nervous, and could not keep his mind on business. He engaged in a regular row with two of the directors, told them if they didn't like the way he was running things to get someone else, and upset the whole meeting. A card was brought in from an extremely important client. He of the new shoes swore aloud at being disturbed when he was busy, but finally limped out, cut the visitor's call short by his brusque manner, and sent the client away half offended.

It was raining and the streets were slushy when he started to the meeting to settle the lawsuit. He couldn't get a taxi quickly, and when one came he bawled out the driver, who got mad and drove on without his fare, forcing him to walk. He was late, his feet were chilled and damp and hurt worse than ever. He fought with everybody, and it took another week for the lawyers to bring the case back to where it had been.

He lost the bid on the contract by insisting upon a minor detail and refusing to concede the point. Then, angry through and through, he stormed back to his office and threw it into disorder by scolding and berating everyone.

The damp shoes dried on his feet and hurt worse than ever. He telephoned for his car, threatened to discharge his chauffeur because he was five minutes late. He reached home, quarreled with his wife, sent his little son to bed without supper for jumping on his lap, finally got on his house slippers, and after an hour or two of sulking and anointing his feet with witch hazel he became normal and tried to be pleasant toward his wife, whose feelings were hurt. He finally achieved his end by suggesting, as a peace offering, that she and the boy go to Europe, reversing his decision they could not afford such a trip.

The next day he wore his old shoes, and, after apologizing to four or five persons around the office, he told the above-related facts and added:

"That pair of shoes cost this firm at least five thousand dollars yesterday. Hereafter I'm going to hire a man with tough 'dogs' to break in my shoes, or break them in outside of office hours."

THE END

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Across the Golden Gate, San Francisco

SAN FRANCISCO, where the average summer temperature is 59°, is America's coolest summer city. Here you get the greatest value for your vacation money, and the free booklet just issued by CALIFORNIANS INC., "California Wonder Tours," tells you how to do it.

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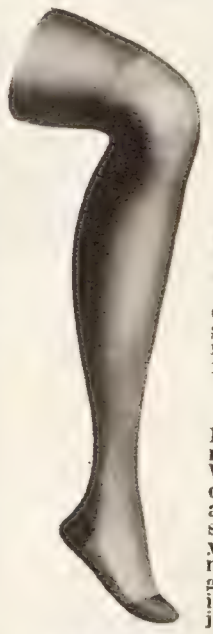
Even in your spare time you can make $30 to $50 a week. Our plan shows you how. It saves you time. No capital is needed. All you do is take orders from our customers. We do the rest. We help you to build a big list of regular buyers, insuring a large weekly income.



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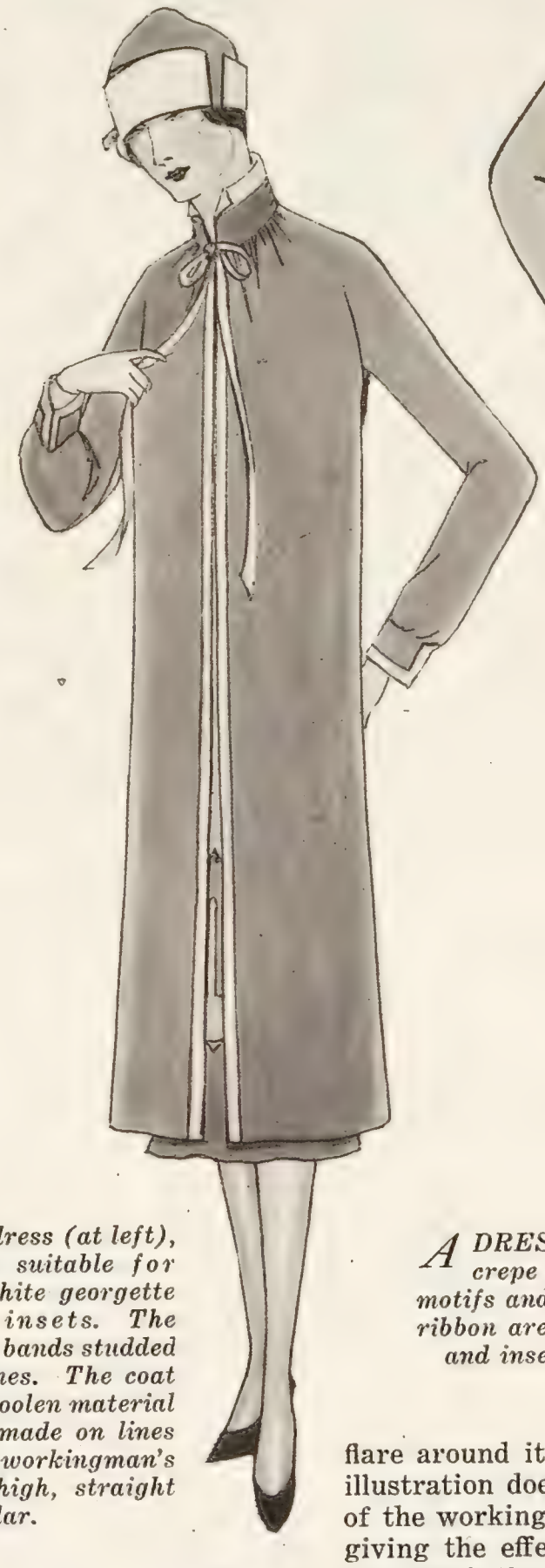
LIGHTWEIGHT COATS *Are* STRAIGHT *and* AMPLE

By Mary Brush Williams

THIS dress, to accompany the coat, is made on the lines of the French workingman's smock. The coat lining is of wine-colored silk. The circular flounce is of dark blue wool.

EVENING dress (at left), especially suitable for dancing, of white georgette with circular insets. The trimming is of bands studded with rhinestones. The coat of dark blue woolen material (at right) is made on lines of a French workingman's smock, with high, straight collar.



A DRESS in two shades of tan-colored crepe trimmed with ribbon in horizontal motifs and on collar. Some of the pieces of ribbon are fringed at the ends. The lapels and inset flare are in the darker shade.

IF I WERE an American woman searching for a lightweight coat, I have made up what I laughingly call my mind as to what I should get. I am an American woman all right, but not searching for a wrap, on account of having three already—recently purchased in France. But almost everybody is in the market. (I saw Fannie Hurst the other day, and she could not talk either about literature or anything else because she was so totally occupied with the subject of how much she needed a cloth coat.) If I had my life to live over again, what I should get is a model I saw, which is a melange or composite of all three of mine.

As to line, it would be straight and a little fuller than mine. This fullness would be gathered into a straight collar that circles the neck like the band of a peasant's apron and a workingman's smock, only this collar would be high and stiff. And I should always wear it fastened (with the one button at the base of the throat, or the strings tied there, though it choked me or I died of the heat), because the line is better thus. It is so ample and carefree. It is so young!

One of the burdens of Fannie Hurst's lay was how much nicer a cloth coat is than one of fur. But I should like to see you catch one of any kind of material in the fall. There must be a gaming law against them, and when they are used it is merely as a superstructure on which to hang our glorious furs.

I like pockets, but none of the French do. I think they are becoming to our tall, athletic type when we bear down into them with our hands. I should avoid beige, for almost everything is in beige today. Old reliable dark blue is holding its own for a strong return, and the gray which is trying so hard for popularity makes one look bigger than any other color in the world.

If I possibly could I should have a dress like the coat as to material and color, and this plus a fur piece and interlining, would constitute my day costuming for so long as it would hold together. I think I should resort to that old stunt, always good, of getting the long tube-line of my dress in the same silk as the coat lining, and put a ruffle, or, more technically, a flare around it for the skirt. The one in the illustration does this, and carries out the line of the workingman's smock at the collar, thus giving the effect of a perfect ensemble when worn with the coat.

The dress of the fourth sketch is also admirable to wear with the coat—or without. It is in two shades of whatever color you choose—why not military blue, with the garniture of that lovely soft, Alice tint which is so becoming to us and that we annoy the French by wearing (because it does not look nice on them). This will bring the color near the face, as you can see by the illustration. The horizontal trimmings are of heavy ribbon, every other band of which is fringed. As you can also see from the model, there is an inset ruffle on the bottom of the skirt in front. This can be in a darker shade still, as are also the lapels of the collar. By the way, the collar is adjustable—can be buttoned straight up. High collars are smart now, you know.

The fourth offering is an evening frock of white georgette trimmed with rhinestone bands round the V-shaped neck and down the front. Insets of the white georgette give fullness for dancing.

Sport Clothes Vogue Patricia Patterns Feature

FOR ANY PATTERN ON THIS PAGE SEND TEN CENTS

By PATRICIA

THE indications are that sport clothes will continue to predominate during the summer as they have during the spring.

The writer attended a dance at a leading resort hotel where one would naturally expect to see evening attire worn almost exclusively, but quite the contrary proved to be the case. Sport wear was the rule rather than the exception. It has even invaded the domain of the evening dress.

Natural colored kasha is suggested for pattern No. 2377. A straightline dress with a little fullness inserted below the shoulder line at front. The inverted plait at front of the skirt makes it decidedly attractive for walking and general sports wear. This pattern is cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust measure. For the 36 inch size, 3⅜ yards of 32 or 36-inch material with ⅝ yard of 36-inch contrasting material are required.

The straightline frock with side closing is made of blue and white striped flannel with collar, cuffs, and belt of plain blue flannel. The belt is fastened with a black kid buckle and has black buttons as trimming down the side. Pattern No. 2383 is cut in sizes 14, 16 years, 36, 38, and 40 inches bust measure. The 36-inch size requires 3 yards of 42-inch material with ⅝ yard of 32-inch contrasting material.

A charming afternoon frock of blue Canton crepe has three rows of black hemstitching on skirt. The collar and tabs on sleeves and front of waist are of ecru organdy with narrow lace trimming. Pattern No. 2371 is cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust measure. The 36-inch size requires 2⅝ yards of 40-inch material with 1½ yards of ruffling.

An adorable little slip-on dress in polka-dot blue, so much prettier than big sister's, is made from pattern No. 2379. A narrow blue belt with buckle and blue ruffling trim the collar and sleeves. This pattern is cut in sizes 6, 8, 10, and 12 years. Size 8 requires 2 yards of 27-inch material with ⅝ yard of 18-inch contrasting material.

Buttons give the tailleur touch to the ensemble dress shown in pattern No. 2358. The buttons on this straightline frock make the result decidedly Paris-like in its chic. Standing collar, revere, and hand embroidery—every detail emphasizes its simplicity and dash. Kashmere in blue is suggested, but it could be made of bengaline, poiret twill, or flannel. The pattern is cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, and 42-inch bust measure. For the 36-inch size 3⅞ yards of 40-inch material are required.

Order Blank for Patricia Patterns

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Inclosed find ..... cents. Please send me the Patricia Patterns listed below:

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HOW TO ORDER PATRICIA PATTERNS

Write your name and address plainly on dotted lines, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Inclose 10 cents in stamps or coin (coin preferred; wrap it carefully) for each number, and address your order to Patricia Patterns, P. O. Box 339, City Hall Station, New York City.

NOTE—Patricia patterns are made in New York exclusively for this publication. They are perfect in fit, up to date in style, and the easiest of all patterns to use.

IF the Missus Complains That She Feels a Trifle Heavy in the Head, Never Congratulate Her on Being Normal—That's the Way to Reno

"Don't worry about it, dear. Not many people will see you, anyway."

One *Rough* Answer Leads to *Another*

By Walter Davenport

Picture by HAMILTON WILLIAMS

OF COURSE you may do as you like about it, but you will find that that great triumvirate without which no home is worth paying attention to—Unity, Peace, and Concord—will not thrive on so-called wise or unkind jests.

Unhappily, the books on etiquette and the treatises written to guide the bride and bridegroom to domestic felicity do not treat of it in the matter-of-fact way so easily understood by us, the masses.

In the books whole chapters are devoted to the permissible modes of consuming foods of baffling shapes—peas, asparagus, artichokes, corn on the cob, watermelon, lettuce, and so on. Seldom, if ever, has a divorce court been compelled to consider the advisability of dissolving a marriage because the breadwinner consumes his victuals after the manner of a dredge working at low tide.

But let a wife announce she feels a trifle heavy in the head and her husband congratulates her upon her return to normality and you have the beginning of a trip to Reno. Never, for example, ask your husband whether he thought it out by himself when, after you have bid one heart and your gentleman opponent bids two diamonds, he goes to three diamonds.

So far as we know there was no happier home than the one infested by Mr. and Mrs. Enoch Sloak and their three children. Presently Mrs. Sloak joined a club devoted to culture and took to reading the entirely different magazines and better-mind literature. Mr. Sloak's idea of art could and can be found in series form at the top of the sporting pages, and to him Bertha Clay was a highbrow and Harold Bell Wright a realist.

"We take up Gerhart Hauptmann next week," announced Mrs. Sloak one evening.

"If he says anything about buttons on pajamas," replied Mr. Sloak, "make a note of it."

That innocent remark by Mr. Sloak started the family on the path to trouble. Mrs. Sloak's soul protested. That first unwashed wallop irritated her so much that eventually the Sloaks took to quarreling.

"I have written to my sister Helen, asking her to visit us for a fortnight," said Mrs. Sloak some evenings later.

"What have I done now?" demanded Mr. Sloak.

A FAMILY simply can't get along that way. Down in Royaloak, Maryland, Blake Parrott courted Sue Talbot for twelve years, finally winning her. He bought a house, had it furnished by a Baltimore mail order firm, and on the Monday before the wedding went around to congratulate Sue again.

"Sue," said Blake, "I been readin' a book where it says that after folks have been a-liv'n' together for some time they get to lookin' like one another."

"I knew there was some catch in this," replied Sue. "As far as I'm concerned you're going to be a bachelor all your life."

But Blake didn't stay single. A year later he married Ruth Tennon and Sue had the nerve to attend the wedding reception in the house Blake originally had furnished for her. When she left, Sue kissed Ruth and said:

"Don't worry about it, dear. Not many people will see you, anyway."

That unclean clout went right over Ruth's head, but Blake caught on a few days later and said that he thought that Sue Talbot was entirely "too peart."

And finally there is that sublime morsel of unwritten history about Cap'n John Smith, Pocahontas, and Powhatan. Powhatan's strong-arm boy was about to bash the Cap'n when, as the Cap'n told it, Pocahontas threw herself upon him, staying the bludgeon and saving his life and also preventing a general slaughter of the Cap'n's followers. Later Pocahontas married one of them, John Rolfe.

"Great grief," said John to Pocahontas one evening some time later, "you musta loved us to take a chance like that."

"Oh, I don't know," replied his wife. "It's an awful thing to be married to an Indian."

And John never did quite figure it out.

But the sum and substance of it is that domestic tranquillity doesn't thrive on fox talk.

THE END

$500 A WEEK for LIMERICKS!

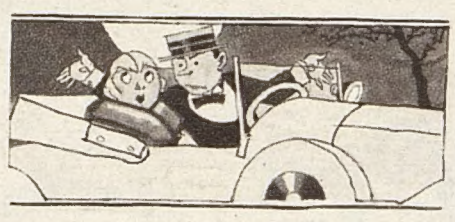
Liberty's Most Amusing Contest—Open to Everyone, Everywhere!

Well, folks, here we have the sad story of Charley and his girl. The point is that Charley's out of gas. Toot! Toot! Let's go! . . . . . .

FOR THE
FIVE BEST LINES
submitted to complete the Limerick in the coupon on the right Liberty will pay the following big cash

Liberty's Big Limerick Contest

$500 a Week in Cash Prizes



Charley Jones, who had just bought a car,
Took his girl out and drove much too far.
When they ran out of fuel
Charley Jones said, "'Tis cruel

. . . . . .

Write your last line in the space above and send this coupon to LIMERICKS, *Care of Liberty*, P. O. Box 1123, Chicago, Ill.
MY NAME IS.....
STREET ADDRESS.....
CITY.....STATE.....
(Issue of May 2)

PRIZES:

First	*Second*	*Third*	*Fourth*	*Fifth*
$250	$100	$75	$50	$25

Send in as many last lines as you please. Every member of the family can compete. There's only one thing to remember: a Limerick is a jingle in which the *last* line rhymes with the first two.

All last lines for this week's contest must reach us not later than midnight, May 9

THE RULES:

Each week the first four lines of a Limerick will be printed on this page. Write a line to complete the Limerick, and send it to Limericks, care of Liberty, P. O. Box 1123, Chicago, Ill. You don't have to use the form printed on this page unless you want to. You can copy the printed lines on another piece of paper, but be sure that all five lines appear in the letter you send in. Also be sure that your name and full address are plainly written, or printed, on the same sheet. Neatness counts. For the best line, $250 will be paid; for second best, $100; third, $75; fourth, $50, and fifth, $25.

This Week's Winners

who share in the $500 prizes for completing the Limerick printed in our issue of March 28. The Limerick read as follows:

A burglar, one dark, stormy night,
In a house heard a gasp, as of fright;
As he tip-toed around
To locate the sound

. . . . . .

Last lines which the prize winners wrote were:

FIRST PRIZE—$250

The hall (haul) seemed so "light" he "took" flight.
Written by W. F. HILL, R.F.D. No. 4, Newton, N. J.

SECOND PRIZE—$100

He stole all the glances in sight.
Written by MISS L. L. COYLE, 35 Lake Street, Bridgton, N. J.

THIRD PRIZE—$75

All he took was the stairs, flight by flight.
Written by B. E. MORNINGSTAR, Entriken, Pa.

FOURTH PRIZE—$50

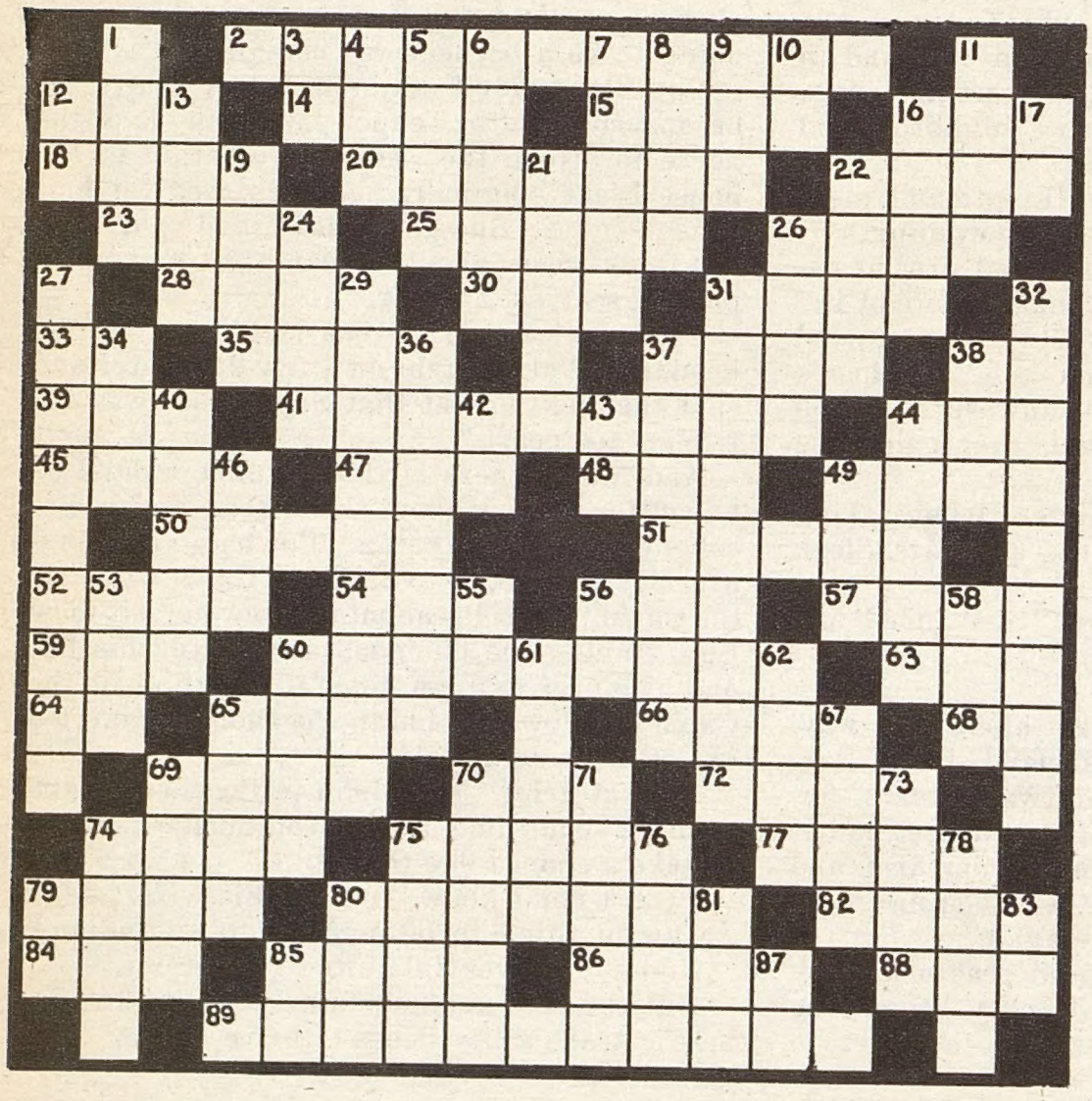
His steps, like his fingers, were "light."
Written by JAMES W. PEARSON, 715 South Brand Boulevard, Glendale, Calif.

FIFTH PRIZE—$25

Foxy "Trub" bit this dub with delight.
Written by MISS L. SOMMIS, 79 Lincoln Place, New York, N. Y.

LIBERTY'S CROSS-WORD PUZZLE No. 26

Spring is here, but the cross-word puzzle still keeps everybody burning the midnight oil. Night or day, there is no getting away from the teasing definitions that compel a dusting off of the w. k. brain cells.

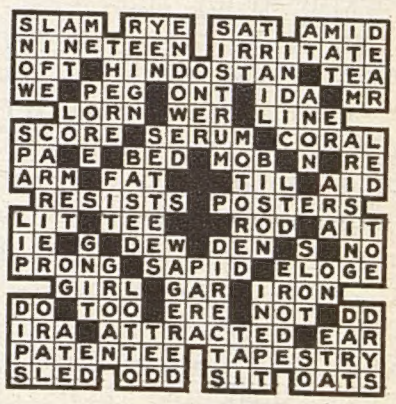


HORIZONTAL

2 Disagreements in opinion
12 To allow
14 Instrument of manual operation
15 Inactive
16 A pen
18 A source of indigo
20 Curbed or controlled
22 Carried upon the person
23 A thing done
25 Prepares for publication
26 Product of grape juice
28 A ruminant
30 Printer's measures
31 Wanting in color
33 A degree (initials)
35 Percolate
37 To cut or shave, as the rind of anything
38 To pass from one spot to another
39 A wing or extension of a building
41 Treats roughly
44 The Greek god of flocks and pastures
45 Bamboolike grass
47 One of an important branch of the Tai race
48 Part of the verb "to be"
49 Dry granulated starch used in puddings
50 Religious service for morning
51 Go in
52 Habitual associate
54 To prepare, as grain for drying
56 An insect
57 A river in Italy
59 Atmosphere
60 Alleviated
63 Japanese unit of value
64 One of the United States (initials)
65 Popular American dessert (plural)
66 A line of junction
68 Pronoun
69 Falsehoods
70 Brazilian coin
72 To halt
74 Part of the head of a hammer
75 Head ornament
77 Part of the head (plural)
79 To improve by changing or correcting
80 Trying the flavor of anything
82 A numeral
84 Point beyond which no progression can be made
85 The price of a person's transportation
86 A small, crisp cake
88 Obtained
89 An interval or interlude

VERTICAL

1 Dispatch
3 Pronoun
4 Weep convulsively
5 Painful
6 To omit or suppress from consideration
7 Seeps
8 Certain day of the ancient Roman month
9 Aged
10 A point of the compass
11 Evil in a great degree
12 Syllable applied to a tone of the scale
13 Bound
16 No one
17 To partake of existence
19 Sediment
21 Participator in a particular meal
22 Artifice
24 To judge
26 Strives violently
27 Natives of the New World
29 Those things that are in fact
31 Those to whom grants are made
32 Sameness of color (plural)
34 Malt beverage
36 Celestial bodies
37 Progenitors
38 Forcible restraint of speech
40 Arboreal nocturnal animal
42 Toward
43 Every one of a number (commercial abbreviation)
44 Warding off of a blow
46 Mother of a quadruped
49 Large wave
53 Concealed from sight
55 Prefix denoting separation
56 Lava whose surface is rough
58 Recent
60 Manner
61 Numerous
62 The fruit of a palm
65 Party-colored
67 To bewail audibly
69 Grant the use of
70 Ascended
71 Pertaining to a part of the British Isles
73 Conceited, prim person
74 Confined
75 Weight of material, used in packing
76 A queen of England
78 One who has a mean regard for wealth or standing
79 Pronoun
80 Distillate of wood, coal and other material
81 Elastic aeriform fluid
83 Latin and French conjunction
85 A syllable sounded in solmization
87 3.1416



Answer to Puzzle No. 25

TO THE MOTHER
who is thinking of a husband for her daughter

IN every circle of people you find her—the mother whose daughter's acquaintance with young men is limited to a passing, "How do you do?" It worries her that other girls, no prettier, have their callers and engagements. Is her girl too diffident or too disdainful? What can the trouble be?

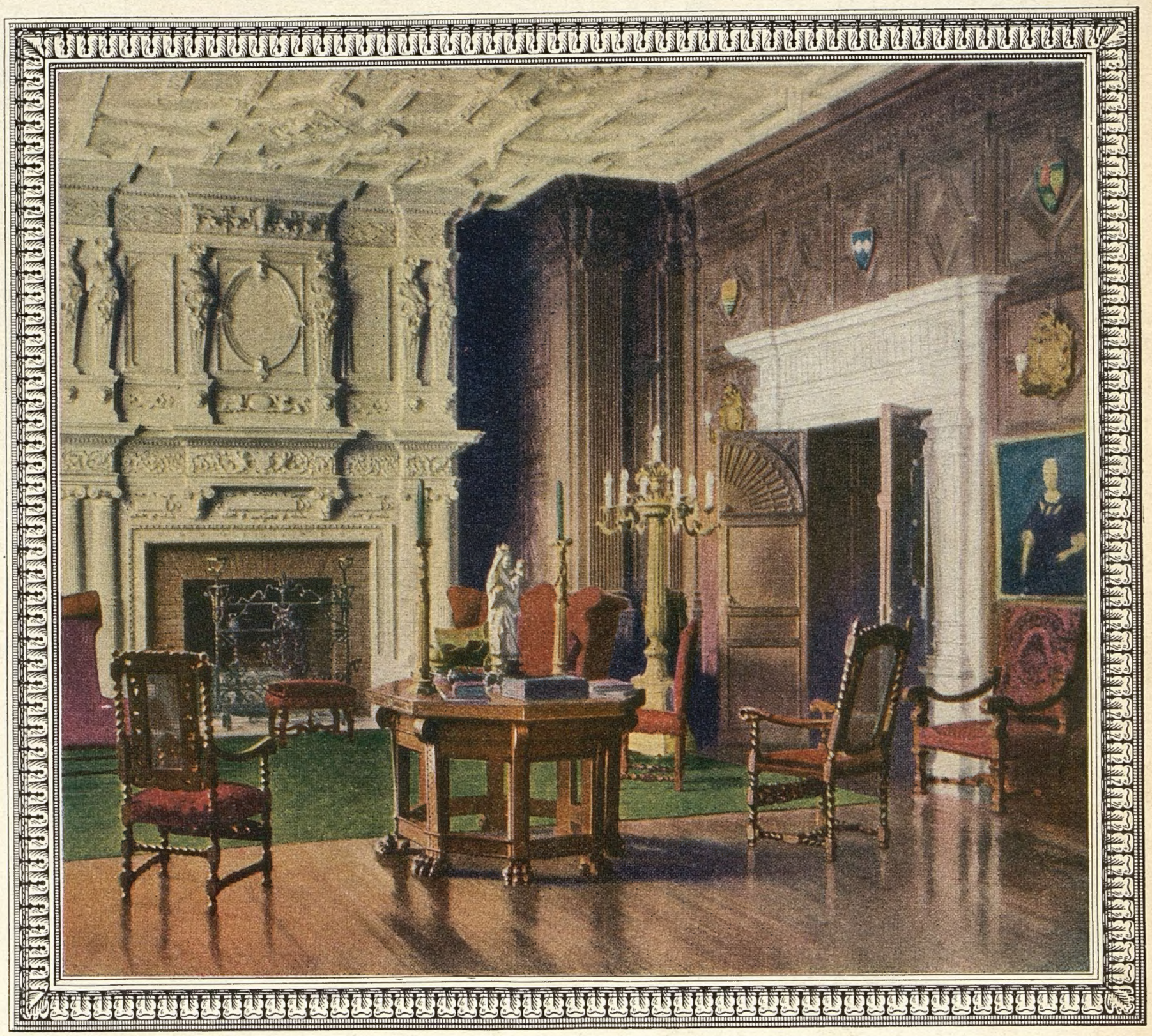
More often than mothers think, the appearance of the home interior and its furniture is the real answer. Pride keeps many a girl from urging nice young men to call.

And yet things could easily be so different. Just a little O-Cedar Polish on a moist cloth and the dingiest, most neglected furniture finishes glisten and charm as though new. O-Cedar cleans as it polishes. Its soothing, beneficial oils awaken a new and delightful beauty in any wood surface.

It is just like having new furniture, floors and woodwork all through the house. See for yourself. Try one bottle of O-Cedar Polish. Sold everywhere, with a money-back guarantee, in five sizes, 30 cents to $3.

O-CEDAR CORP'N

Chicago *Toronto* *London* *Paris*



WHERE good care complements good taste. A view in the residence of Mrs. Reginald de Koven, Park Avenue, New York.

O-Cedar Polish

How to apply it

1. *Pour O-Cedar Polish on a cloth* (a moist cloth for cleaning, a dry cloth for polishing).

2. *Go over the surface.*

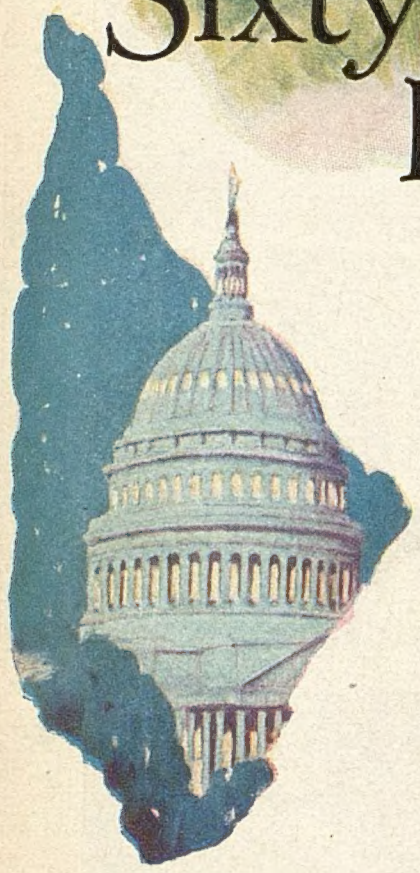
3. *Polish with a fresh cloth.*

To FREE YOUR SKIN FROM BLEMISHES—*use the famous Woodbury Treatment given below*

A DEBUTANTE *ball in Washington, D. C. Twenty-one debutantes were presented in Washington this season and 37 in Baltimore. Among these young society girls, Woodbury's Facial Soap is six times as popular as any other soap*

Sixty Two percent of Washington and Baltimore Debutantes

find this soap the best for their skin



LAST month we published a report on 224 New York and Boston debutantes, showing the very large extent to which Woodbury's Facial Soap is preferred above all other toilet soaps by these two groups of young society girls.

In order to make our survey more complete, we followed our New York and Boston investigations with a similar inquiry among Washington and Baltimore debutantes.

The results are fully as interesting as those of our previous investigation.

Woodbury's six times as popular as any other soap

Among the entire number of Washington and Baltimore debutantes presented this season, 62 per cent are regular users of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

The Woodbury users number six times as many as the users of any other soap.

Among Baltimore debutantes alone, Woodbury's is nearly eight times as popular as any other soap.

Why these society girls use Woodbury's Facial Soap

There are more than 500 different brands of toilet soap on the market today.

Why is it that, with this bewildering assortment to choose from, the majority of young society girls in New York, Boston, Washington, and Baltimore are overwhelmingly in favor of Woodbury's Facial Soap?

The answer is two-fold:—because with a society girl the care of her skin is a matter of primary importance—something to which she is willing to devote time and care; and because of the wonderful efficacy of Woodbury's Facial Soap and the famous Woodbury treatments in helping women to overcome common skin defects, and to keep their complexion smooth, clear and flawless.

A skin specialist worked out the formula by which Woodbury's is made. The formula not only calls for absolutely pure ingredients. It also demands greater refinement in the manufacturing process than is commercially possible with ordinary toilet soap. In merely handling a cake of Woodbury's one notices this extreme fineness.

Around each cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap is wrapped a booklet containing special cleansing treatments for overcoming skin defects, such as blackheads, blemishes, sallowness, excessive oiliness, etc. Get a cake of Woodbury's today, at any drug store or toilet goods counter, and begin tonight the treatment your skin needs!

A 25-cent cake of Woodbury's lasts a month or six weeks for regular toilet use, including any of the special Woodbury treatments. For convenience—get Woodbury's in 3- or 12-cake boxes.

FREE OFFER!—Send today for the **free** *guest-size set of three famous Woodbury skin preparations with* **new large-size** *trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.*

THE FAMOUS WOODBURY TREATMENT FOR BLEMISHES

JUST BEFORE RETIRING, wash in your usual way with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap and then dry your face. Now dip the tips of your fingers in warm water and rub them on the cake of Woodbury's until they are covered with a heavy cream-like lather. Cover each blemish with a thick coat of this soap cream and leave it on for ten minutes. Then rinse carefully with clear, hot water, then with cold.

Cut out this coupon and mail it today

The Andrew Jergens Co.,
1445 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Please send me *free* your guest-size set containing:
The new, large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, samples of Woodbury's Facial Cream and Facial Powder, and *the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch."*

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1445 Sherbrooke St, Perth, Ont.

Name.....

Address.....

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